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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE reports from Locarno are so vague and so conflicting that much comment is impossible. Apparently the fact that the German delegates were tactfully invited to join Mrs. Austen Chamberlain's birthday excursion on the lake has so softened their hearts that they have rushed to accept the Security Pact, which may already be signed by the time these notes appear. All the statesmen concerned have evidently behaved with a tact which bodes well for the future; but agreement on the text of the Security Pact certainly does not mean an end of the difficulties, and, as we anticipated last week would be the case, the Germans are laying more emphasis than the French like on the plebiscite in the Saar Basin and on the speedy evacuation of the Rhineland.

### A SOLID GAIN

One very important result appears, however, to have been achieved. The Germans are to apply for admission to the League of Nations, since the most influential members of the Council—namely, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium—pro-

mise to take into account, when Article XVI of the League Covenant comes up for discussion, Germany's particular difficulties due to the Treaty of Versailles. In our view, German membership of the League is a much more important thing than German signature of the Western Pact, since, as the books of Euclid used to explain, the part cannot be greater than the whole. From now onward Germany will have a chance of ventilating her grievances, and we must anticipate that she will do so with vehemence. Nevertheless, it is infinitely better that grievances should be aired in Geneva than that they should be stored up to inspire with revengeful hatred the younger German generation.

### THE MOSUL DISPUTE

The Permanent Court of International Justice meets in extraordinary session at The Hague on Thursday next to decide the powers of the League Council in the Mosul dispute. After Fethi Bey, on behalf of Turkey, had declared quite definitely last year that his country would accept the Council's verdict, Lord Curzon undoubtedly made a bad blunder at the Lausanne Conference when he declared that no decision could be taken by the

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Council without the agreement of the disputants, and one cannot blame the Turks for making the most of this misreading of the League Covenant. At the same time, they are undoubtedly willing to open private negotiations, whereas the British are said to hold the view that no negotiations can take place now, since the issue is in the hands of the League. This is surely begging the question. The League exists less to settle disputes by any particular procedure than to encourage an atmosphere in which disputes may be settled by any procedure that the parties may prefer. If the Turks and the British can now reach agreement in private, they may be perfectly certain that nobody will be more delighted than the members of the League Council itself.

#### THE PRICE OF BREAD

The Food Council has surpassed reasonable expectation in its dealings with the bakers. We scarcely dare hope for its equal success in its endeavour to bring down the price of other articles of diet which will shortly come under its notice. But even if it should find there is less reason for a revision of prices there, or less opportunity of securing it, much will have been gained. For, as is well known, the price of bread is, even out of proportion to the place that bread has in the household bill, an index to the cost of living for the poor and the almost poor. The success attained by the Food Council has been due, in the main, of course, to the reasonableness of its finding, but it has been hastened by the impudent and until very lately obscurantist policy of the London Master Bakers. These last are now rather sadder and wiser men, and it may be assumed that this lesson in the folly of trying to carry off overcharging by bluster will not be wholly lost on other purveyors.

#### THE CABINET ON ECONOMY

The Cabinet Economy Committee has had its first meeting. A little more delay in convening it, and the public would have forgotten that this means of checking excessive expenditure was promised by Mr. Churchill when he introduced his Budget. Its proceedings are, of course, confidential, and since nothing much can have been done at the first meeting we may be sure that the secrecy of this preliminary exchange of opinions will be carefully preserved. Later on we shall doubtless hear something of the struggle to cut down expenditure. But Mr. Baldwin has already warned the optimistic against expecting too much, and we are bound to say that statesmen cannot save a great deal until public opinion recognizes the necessity of a new way of living, the urgency of the call to reconsider many in themselves excellent forms of State benevolence. All the same, we must regret the long interval between the announcement made by Mr. Churchill and the first attempt to give effect to it. Materially, perhaps, nothing much has been lost; morally, something could have been gained by greater speed in getting to work.

#### THE INDIAN VICEROYALTY

His own health and Lady Reading's would probably prevent Lord Reading from accepting an extension of his term in India even if he were not on other grounds desirous of returning to England. The question of who should succeed him is under-

stood to be unsettled. Sir George Lloyd, whose claims would have been pressed, is definitely engaged elsewhere. The somewhat surprisingly asserted claims of a distinguished soldier cannot be taken seriously, when the position to which his friends would have him aspire is one from which Lord Kitchener was very properly excluded. The final choice must, it would seem, lie between Lord Ronaldshay and some politician with no special qualifications whom it is desired to reward or to get out of the way. But India is very much too important to be used as either a prize or a dumping ground. By experience, and by ability, tested in a difficult Indian Province at an awkward time, Lord Ronaldshay has established what is almost a right to the Viceroyalty.

#### THE CHURCH CONGRESS

We were unable to comment last week on the proceedings of the Church Congress, which were not concluded when we went to press. The most interesting and important subjects raised there from the lay point of view were the discussion of the colour problem, on which we print an article on another page of this issue, and the sermon preached by the Primate. The end of his sermon contained what were perhaps his most timely observations, but discussion seems to have crystallized rather on the passages in which His Grace diagnosed a deterioration of the quality of sermons as the main cause of dwindling congregations.

#### POVERTY OF THE CLERGY

There is certainly truth in what the Archbishop said, and the difficulty is to know how to remedy the defect. The clergy are in too many instances paid such a starvation wage that not only must many fine minds capable of leading religious thought be prevented from offering themselves for ordination through fear of unendurable poverty, but many who are ordained have not a penny to spare for food for the mind. Another difficulty undoubtedly arises in some rural areas from enforced isolation from intellectual movements. Could not the dioceses establish some kind of central library in their cathedral cities which would provide a service of essential books and periodicals?

#### THE MOROCCAN OFFENSIVE

Heavy rains appear to have put an end to the Franco-Spanish offensive in Morocco. General Primo de Rivera may be right in declaring that, if the Riffs still have any fight left in them next spring, they can be defeated without difficulty, but he may also have had his head turned by the Spanish successes of the last few weeks. It has to be remembered that since the offensive began Abdel Krim has spared not only his men but also his material, and considerable further sacrifices might be necessary to compel him to surrender. This possibility will not pass unnoticed in Paris, where the unpopularity of the whole business has been vastly increased by Marshal Petain's failure to finish it off this autumn. The battlefield is now transferred to the Chamber of Deputies, and while the Riffs themselves are immobilized by the climate the French Government will have to face a formidable effort in Paris to obtain for Abdel Krim at least the same nominal independence as is at present accorded to the Sultan.

## THE FASCIST STATE

In the days when Mussolini edited the Socialist *Avanti* he was wont to express his contempt for dictatorship. He has, however, now succeeded in making himself a dictator who has no parallel in recent European history. In future even a parliamentary defeat will not affect him and he can lose his post as Premier only at the instance of the King himself, and, since not only the National Militia but also all Government and Municipal functionaries, are to be Fascisti to a man, it is obvious that no monarch would dare use his prerogative, even though he believed the Premier to be a danger to Italy. Mussolini has at last achieved his ambition of creating a Fascist State. In the circumstances it is encouraging to learn that the purely passive opposition of the political parties "on the Aventine" is to be replaced in part by active participation in Parliament, and the rapidity with which foreign criticism of the Fascisti outrages in Florence has been followed by the reorganization of the Fascio of Florence leads one to hope that the "Duce" is still to some degree susceptible to foreign public opinion.

## THE PRINCE'S RETURN

There is no difference of opinion about the value of the work done by the Prince of Wales during the long tour from which he has now returned: we hope there will be none about the advisability of allowing him a very considerable period of rest. It is not only that he has earned rest. If he should almost at once be drawn into a round of official visits and formal ceremonies he will lose the spontaneity which gives grace to his public acts. No doubt the public here is anxious to see him after his lengthy absence, but it should possess its soul in patience, realizing how much the nation would lose if the Prince were obliged to develop the royal and masculine equivalent of the tired hostess's ready-for-use charm. His position forbids a prolonged respite, but he should be accorded as much as possible. He will remember his obligations all the better for being allowed for a while to forget them.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

ANYBODY who has had the time and the opportunity to study the comments of the foreign Press during the last few months, and especially during the recent Assembly of the League of Nations, will note with regret that Great Britain is now without any doubt the most criticized country in the world. After the departure from office of Mr. Lloyd George British prestige rose in a most impressive way. It was widely recognized that, while Washington had adopted an unhelpful attitude of aloofness, and while Paris was willing to sacrifice the future of Europe on the altar of French military ambitions, London was fighting steadily and disinterestedly for a lasting peace. Now, however, all is changed, and the only European country which can find a good word to say for British foreign policy is Italy. Italy has a rapidly increasing population, no raw materials, a violently Nationalist Government, and few colonies. It is not, therefore, surprising that Mussolini's papers should support any Government which appears to stand in the way of the

present widespread movement in favour of the settlement of disputes by arbitration instead of by war.

It is this movement which is at the root of Great Britain's present unpopularity. The League of Nations Covenant provides for compulsory conciliation, but not for compulsory arbitration, in that all members of the League submit their disputes to the Council, but, unless the Council is unanimous against them, they retain the right to go to war three months after all efforts at conciliation have failed. The Geneva Protocol, drawn up by the Assembly last year, blocked this famous gap in the Covenant and laid down a procedure by which every dispute, unless it arose out of the Peace Treaties or out of a matter of domestic jurisdiction, was to be settled by arbitration instead of by force. The rejection of the Protocol by Mr. Chamberlain last March brought us back to the Covenant, but many European nations have adopted the Protocol's provisions and see in compulsory arbitration the only possible method of putting an end to war. Owing in great part to the bad tactics of the Labour Party, the Geneva Protocol became in this country an internal political issue. Furthermore, it would have needed very considerable revision before it could have been accepted by the British public. Nevertheless, Canada, for one, has affirmed her belief in the principle of compulsory arbitration. That is to say, Canada feels that in any dispute a country should not be both judge and advocate, but should be willing to accept the verdict of some impartial body. Although last year Sir Cecil Hurst, Legal Adviser to the Foreign Office, laid the greatest emphasis on the importance which the British Government attached to the arbitration provisions of the Protocol, the criticisms of Europe would not have been bitter had Mr. Chamberlain last month confined himself to rejecting these arbitration provisions. But he has gone further.

Switzerland, for example, concluded in 1924 a treaty with Italy according to which every dispute of every kind is to be settled peacefully, and this despite the fact that the two countries are contiguous and that Mussolini has often talked wildly about annexing the Canton Ticino. The Swiss wished to sign a precisely similar treaty with Great Britain, but they were told that Great Britain could not submit to arbitration questions affecting British vital interests, honour, or independence. Is Great Britain, then, afraid of the Swiss navy? And, unless questions of vital interest are liable to compulsory arbitration, what hope will there ever be of replacing force by conciliation, since every war has always arisen over a question which is said to affect the vital interests or the honour of the parties concerned? Until recently Italy was looked upon as the most reactionary country in Europe; since the League Assembly, rightly or wrongly, the majority of nations have allotted that post of little honour to Great Britain.

Our attitude in regard to the so-called "Optional Clause" of the Permanent Court of International Justice does nothing to lessen criticism. The submission of disputes to this Court is entirely voluntary, and it was for this reason that the "Optional Clause" was drawn up. A nation which signs this Clause agrees in advance to accept the Court's verdict in any "justiciable" dispute—a dispute over the interpretation of a treaty or over any other



question of international law, for example—which may arise between it and any other signatory nation. The Clause can, of course, be signed with reservations, and the world at large would fully expect the British Government to make reservations as to the right of search at sea and other questions of maritime law. In the case of political disputes the difficulty of finding impartial arbitrators is undoubtedly great, but in "justiciable" disputes the Permanent Court does away with this difficulty. As Mr. Chamberlain fears Switzerland, however, so he also appears to fear the verdict of what must surely be the highest judicial body in the world. And he explained in a recent letter that the British Government could not sign the "Optional Clause" because many disputes were more suitable for settlement by the League Council. He must be aware that at least one country has signed the "Optional Clause" with a reservation that, if both parties agree, the question may be dealt with by the Council instead of the Court.

The commentators in the foreign Press are agreed in their interpretation of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. According to them, he prefers the Council to the Permanent Court solely because the procedure of the Council leaves the loophole for war which the "Optional Clause" excludes in the case of "justiciable" disputes, and which the Protocol was destined to exclude in the case of all disputes. In other words, the British Government is, in the opinion of foreign critics, determined to retain the possibility of endeavouring to win its case by force of arms. And the moment chosen for the rejection of compulsory arbitration is the moment when most nations of the world are thinking of accepting it, and when, in fact, seventeen countries, including France, have already signed the "Optional Clause," thus accepting compulsory arbitration in all legal or "justiciable" disputes.

In agreeing to accept the League Council's verdict in the dispute over Mosul the British Government—not, alas! the present Government, but its Labour predecessor—has given the best possible *démenti* to the allegations of British belief in might rather than right. In the limited field of the Western Pact, again, Mr. Chamberlain appears to have agreed to compulsory arbitration in the event of disputes between Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium. But the ill-effects of British speeches at the last Assembly and of the British rejection of the "Optional Clause" still remain, and will remain as long as the Foreign Office and the Foreign Secretary insist on maintaining the right to settle disputes by war. Our actions in the past have never merited, and our actions in the future will never merit, our present unpopularity; but hitherto we have failed to pay sufficient attention to the growth throughout the world of this movement in favour of the settlement of disputes by arbitration. It is most unfortunate that a wrong impression should have been created by our failure to take due heed of the trend of opinion in foreign countries.

As one important political observer at the last Assembly pointed out, Great Britain has thrown away her moral leadership in Europe. It would be a thousand pities if, through careless presentation of its case, this country were to appear to lag behind in a field in which she has for generations been the leader.

## THE COLOUR PROBLEM

THE unprecedented progress of the nineteenth century seems to have resulted after all only in landing this ill-starred generation in a conglomeration of unprecedented messes. If by chance one pressing problem is forced temporarily into the background there is a mob of others, all of spectacular dimensions, jostling one another for our attention. We in Britain have been spared a colour problem at home, but abroad we have the problem in growing form, and the able speeches of Lord Willingdon and Mr. J. H. Oldham at the Church Congress last week have appreciably stirred public opinion. Not that the principle they champion, of the equality of all races, is any solution of the problem. It is easy to redress such grievances as invidious discrimination between white and coloured men; but equality cannot logically mean anything short of the whites in Africa, Asia, and elsewhere ranking, like the German and French communities in England, as a negligible minority of aliens, and not improbably an oppressed and downtrodden one. When once we preach equality we must not forget that on that footing no nation will submit to being guided by foreigners. At best we might be like the Jews in England, an influential and wealthy section of the population, but numerically insignificant and with little share in actual government. Supposing European expansion to be immoral or rash, we cannot put the clock back; Europe has expanded in the last analysis by the more or less benevolent exploitation of other lands, and to emancipate them now, however ethically desirable, would infallibly bring economic ruin upon us. To avoid making ourselves offensive is one thing, to shatter at one stroke what has become indissolubly bound up with our civilization and economic existence decidedly another. If we have been guilty, will the world gain if we atone by suicide? In common sanity we can do nothing more than extricate ourselves by degrees, as we propose to do in India, and the wisdom of even that course is more than doubtful.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money has just produced in a lurid wrapper and under a sensational title a book\* in which he wallows in somewhat dubious deductions like a statistical hippopotamus. It is a huge flood of figures, and like the hippopotamus he wades through them in a drastic and yet insensitive and somewhat unintelligent manner. 'The Peril of the White' is not by any means to be disparaged. On the contrary, the author has rendered a definite and valuable service in getting together such a mass of up-to-date information, fairly accurate as such statistics go, and few people who take the trouble to read it will emerge without a far clearer comprehension of what an American observer has termed "racial realities" in the world at the present time. There is a good deal of common-sense also about various current fallacies—he is bold enough even to ridicule the dogma of the Nordic Race. Yet he lets the statistics run away with him. The danger to white civilization as a whole, so far as there is such a danger, has nothing

\* 'The Peril of the White,' By Sir Leo Chiozza Money. Collins. 10s. 6d. net.



to do with the fact that there is in the world a three to one numerical majority against it. How, if a civilization is endangered merely by being in a minority, could the coloured races ever have fallen so utterly under the domination of the whites whom they far outnumber? Statistics inevitably make us think too much of men as units and of quantity instead of quality: it is surely obvious that the whites could face even a ten to one majority with composure provided that their individual superiority for practical purposes is maintained. That is the crux of the question: the material ignorance of the coloured races is steadily being overcome by education, while the physique and intelligence of the whites is diminished by industrial conditions, and often by interbreeding with degenerate stock.

There is no doubt that the coloured element in the world is now becoming an increasingly large proportion of the population. What are we going to do about it? Supposing it were possible to follow Sir Leo Chiozza Money's advice we should make it our business to breed faster than the non-Europeans and populate all the "empty" continents, presumably in order to forestall their expansion and make our numbers equal. He would have all the European nations (in the widest sense) sink their differences and multiply. Clearly there are very few European countries which could under present conditions increase their birth-rates without increasing emigration in proportion. Where are the emigrants to go? To the empty continents is Sir Leo Chiozza Money's solution. He recognizes the difficulties, but vaguely waves them aside. "The case may be summed up not unfairly by saying that the Dominions offer difficult virgin land to people who, for the most part, do not know how to manage a suburban garden." That is his own conclusion as to one of the minor obstacles. Yet even after admitting the obstacles he finds fault with the Dominions, particularly Australia, for not attracting immigrants. New Zealand, he concludes, can only be so empty because it does not advertise enough, and Australia because it is rude to newcomers. It is certainly not easy to say why, when things are so extraordinarily bad at home, emigration should obstinately dry up and add to the embarrassment. But we must not put the blame on such trivial obstacles. The unseen veto is probably economic. We cannot get away from the fact that for a hundred years European immigrants have been pouring into the United States to the comparative neglect of the Dominions, not because they liked the climate better or hoped for freedom, or because there was no Ellis Island to face, or because the people were more friendly or for any reason of that kind, but simply because the country was, of all the countries in the world, economically best prepared to welcome them. In emigration it is economic hospitality that counts, not the kindly invitations of the inhabitants. We must admit from experience that if we in Europe are to raise far more people than we can support in the innocent expectation that they will readily be absorbed by the Colonies we are relying on a most improbable course of events. But even if we did populate the Colonies with millions of whites, what then? That would surely be more likely to aggravate than to solve the difficulties arising from the coloured need for expansion. If Japan urgently

needs an outlet in Australia, is it likely that she will be persuaded to forgo it by a threatening concentration of whites there? The only reply seems to be that if that would not avert the battle it would ensure a white victory, but Sir Leo Chiozza Money professes, apparently with deep sincerity, to be seeking peace and justice between all races—saving the rights of the Europeans. His statistics, though often approximate, are more trustworthy than the conclusions to which they illogically lead him. If the whites are to hold their world-dominion and consolidate it they must maintain the same material superiority compared with the coloured races which enabled them to win it last century, and which rested not on numbers but on practical ability and force of character. They must manage, that is, to cope with an increasing knowledge and education, and above all a jealous and rebellious spirit among the subject races, and for that task no increase in fertility would be of any use at all. The peril of the white man is not lest he should be outnumbered—he has always been that—but lest he should be outclassed.

## LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLER—XII

### IS ENGLAND OVERDONE?

I ARRIVED back in England, after a year of journeying, just in time to read the lugubrious forebodings which Sir Philip Gibbs felt it his duty to pour into a recent issue of the *Sunday Times* after a conversation with an American lady. The American lady was sure that "England was done." "Aren't you losing grip?" she said. Her fears led Sir Philip Gibbs to see our future in most lurid colours: England itself would decay and die; Fascism and Communism would prey upon our ruins; while our "oriental empire" would become "a flaming anarchy." This pessimism led Mr. John Galsworthy, who, as the author of 'The Island Pharisees,' can never be said to have been very hopeful about us, to follow up with an article in which he too saw the English ruined, with their only possibility of salvation in emigration or in a return to the bucolic existence which Mr. Lloyd George has also been urging. It is true that in their last paragraphs both writers tell us they still have faith in us; but all their energy has gone to the portrayal of our woes.

Not for one moment do I doubt the honesty of their intentions; but I would suggest that nothing can be more pernicious to our national welfare than this melodramatic type of political pessimism in which they have both allowed themselves to indulge. If we talk like this long enough, we shall begin to believe it. This pessimism, natural enough after a great war, is not confined to England: it is European in extent. Indeed, M. Paul Valéry, in his 'Variété,' declares that the whole of European civilization is at an end; "Nous autres civilisations, nous savons maintenant que nous sommes mortelles." Mr. Capek, in 'R.U.R.,' went so far as to suggest the possibility that the whole of human life might become extinct, though with typical Czech optimism he saw the possibilities of creating a new life in the ruins of the old. Much of this pessimism results purely from a neurosis due to the pathological mental outlook which the war

left with us; the *regions dévastées* of Europe were not merely territorial; they were mental and spiritual, and pessimism is their external symptom.

It would, of course, be futile to suggest that at the moment we are not hard-pressed; but our difficulties arise from obvious external reasons, not from any internal decadence. During the war, when we were engaged in a struggle which occupied our every thought, America and Japan were able to capture many of our external markets and also to appropriate to themselves as much of our carrying trade as was possible. To-day, faced with decreased outlets for our industry, we are confronted with enormously increased responsibilities in the form of debt appropriations, payments for doles, and pensions. Yet in all this we should exult in the miracle that we can carry on at all, not bemoan that our path is a difficult one. I am surprised that Sir Philip Gibbs was so carried away by the picture of pessimism suggested to him as to lift up for us the twin bogeys of Fascism and Communism. One hopes that in England Fascism is still an affair of political *opéra bouffe*, while anyone in touch with Labour circles will know that at the moment Communism is a limited movement, thriving on the free publicity which certain sections of our Press seem for ever prepared to afford it. One would have imagined that Sir Philip Gibbs was far too skilled a journalist to have added to that free publicity. Three weeks ago I interviewed, in a lawyer's office off Wall Street, an American whose opinion I would like to quote against that of the American lady who so perturbed Sir Phillip Gibbs. It was Mr. J. W. Davis, once the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James. "In the newspapers," said Mr. Davis, "one reads a good deal about Communism in England, and Fascism and subversive movements generally. But is it to be taken very seriously? In England you have a tradition in life, a discipline which makes all these things but surface movements, temporary ebullitions which quickly disappear." The sanity of that judgment and its respect for our solidarity is something which I think we might wisely cherish.

The truth is that the English as a race are too modest. I met recently a Canadian journalist who was seriously troubled by this English trait. "During the war," he said, "the English were for ever printing notices of the gallant work done by the Scotch, or how the Colonial troops had made an heroic advance, or how the Welsh had held a difficult position. One never heard anything of what the English themselves had done. The result was that anti-British elements in Canada and Australia asserted that the English, on their own reckoning, were pushing other people into the difficult places, and keeping all the 'soft jobs' for themselves. The accusation was, of course, absurd, as the heavy list of English casualties shows, yet it was a report which was widely believed, and it all comes from the morbid desire for self-effacement. I cannot tolerate, too, your post-war young Englishman who finds Paris, Vienna, Prague and Moscow charming places, but can find nothing good in England or English achievement." We must re-develop a certain assertiveness; we must re-establish a confidence in ourselves. Not for a moment do I suggest that we should return to the complacency of the Victorians, or to that Hebraic nationalism of Mr. Kipling's 'Recessional' which

looks upon us as a chosen people; but it is folly to deny that we have made a very definite contribution to world civilization. Our worst enemies are those radical elements which believe that the path to progress lies in the belittling of their own country. All over the East one meets the "Pagett, M.P.," who thinks that he can best help Egyptians and Indians by begriming the English. In Delhi this spring I heard of an Englishman who, in a lecture to Hindu students, had spoken of the "work of the bloody-minded Englishman in India." By such disastrous stuff is revolution kindled! It is true that we have made mistakes; but they have on the whole been incidents, not, as our enemies would suggest, the outcome of any considered malicious policy of our own. It would be well if Englishmen who consistently abuse their own country knew how much malevolent anti-British propaganda exists in the world without any additional effort of theirs. I saw recently a newspaper in California which portrays daily a series of scenes from history to show that in our relations with America we have been one of the most heinous nations in the world. A Chicago paper, which prints as its professed motto, "My country right or wrong," is always ready to imply an invidious motive to any action of ours. Ever since the recent incidents at Shanghai, a large section of the American Press has emphasized continually that our whole contact with China has been a pernicious one, while America in her Chinese relationships has been consistently guided by the loftiest moral motives.

I am writing as a member of the younger generation; perhaps I might even say of a post-war generation. We do not hope for much during the next twenty-five years; we know that the jolly junketing days of the youth of Sir Philip Gibbs and Mr. John Galsworthy are over. Our lot will probably be one of poverty and diminished returns; but poverty and diminished returns are by no means synonymous with extinction. What we would desire is not hysterical Jeremiads, but a scientific survey of our responsibilities and resources. For instance, Sir Philip Gibbs generalizes about the dole system from a few casual instances in the rural district in which he happens to reside. You cannot judge any national system fairly from such data. It would not be a useless task for young Conservative-Democrats to institute a commission to investigate on a national scale the actual condition of the dole system. In the same way our imperial obligations might be soberly examined. Anyone who has travelled the East recently will know that Egypt and India are quieter to-day than they have been at any time since the war. In India particularly we seem at the threshold of understanding and adjustments which will make all this talk of a "flaming oriental empire" positively absurd. Even with our export trade the abeyance may be more temporary than our gloomy political prophets seem to imagine. China during the next fifty years will probably develop more as a market than any country in the world: wise statesmanship and a sympathetic handling of the Chinese might bring us a greater share in that market than our present prospects lead us to imagine. Sooner or later our trade relationship with Russia is bound to extend. Our day as a nation is not over, nor our contribution to world civilization at an end.

## THE MARRIAGE LISTS

BY GERALD GOULD

SOCIAL statistics are not much use as a rule. The historian Buckle and Mr. H. G. Wells have taught us how to calculate the future statistically; but they have not told us what is going to win the 3.30. (As a matter of fact, I never put money on a horse myself, because I do not know how to get it there—only the other day I had to have explained to me, by no less a racing authority than Mr. Robert Lynd, what a "nap" is—but one likes to talk like a man of the world.) Social statistics, I repeat, are generally useless, because they so often take for granted that meaningless terms have meaning. But I feel bound to applaud the researches lately conducted, among the young men and maidens of American universities, into the qualities considered desirable in a mate. For here is something practical. If we know what the ladies want (God bless them!) we shall be able to take steps about it; and if *they* know what *we* want, they will be able to go on pleasing themselves as before.

Of course, if girls are going to demand physical beauty and things like that, the inquiry might as well not be held. But, even within the sphere of the attainable, a good many demands have been framed. "No fewer than 65 per cent. of the girls in one of the university canvasses on marriage declared that the husband of their choice should be 'cave-mannish, but in a refined way.' " That is easy. Your cave-man, I have always understood, knocks his squaw on the head with a knotted club and drags her about the ideal home by her hair. These are just the activities in which refinement would tell.

"A still greater percentage preferred 'non-petters' as husbands." A petter, in the American tongue, is one who has frequented petting-parties; and petting-parties are—but you can imagine what petting-parties are. I am not sure whether the head-knocking and hair-dragging come in the category of petting: if they do, there seems here an opening for a charge of inconsistency.

Of the girls of one college (I get my facts from a daily paper, and apologize if they are not accurate), 93 per cent. stated that the man of their choice "must not use alcohol or tobacco." How different was the advice given by Robert Louis Stevenson!—"Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotalter, or a man who does not smoke." One of the most poignant chapters in Sir James Barrie's darkly realistic study 'My Lady Nicotine,' concerns a woman who enforced upon an unwilling husband the sort of prohibition favoured by those sweet girl undergraduates; and a hero of Mr. Kipling's has asserted the grand old principle of liberty in one chivalrous line: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

Another university is equally difficult. There, "abstinence from tobacco is apparently regarded as of more importance than wealth." Surely this is to put last things first? Lay a good, solid foundation of wealth, and you can build on it, in time, the airy superstructure of abstinence from tobacco—or from anything else—like Mr. Mandragon, the Millionaire, who

wouldn't have wine or wife,

He couldn't endure complexity; he lived the simple life;

—or that other rich man, Mr. Higgins, also of Mr. Chesterton's invention:

If I had been a Heathen,  
I'd have praised the purple vine,  
My slaves should dig the vineyards,  
And I would drink the wine;  
But Higgins is a Heathen,  
And his slaves grow lean and grey,  
That he may drink some tepid milk  
Exactly twice a day.

And may abstain, no doubt, from tobacco.

The questions were answered by the young men as clearly as by the young women; but, to the men, they do not appear to have been quite so clearly put. One professor "asked men whether they would prefer to marry wealth, health, or beauty, and the result of the vote was:

Health	...	...	...	79
Beauty	...	...	...	76
Wealth	...	...	...	26."

I do not understand this table at all. It reads as if you could not have health unless you forswore beauty and wealth, which is the opposite of the truth.

Moreover, love creates by looking, which I suppose is what people mean by calling it blind. Whatever a man may write down, in cold blood, before he falls in love, about the qualities he will consider desirable in a mate, he does not, when he meets his beloved, scrutinize her for those qualities, or for any qualities. She possesses all good qualities, because he loves her. It is largely by ignoring this old and simple truth that the science of Eugenics breaks down. It breaks down also on the fact that nobody knows what human qualities to breed for; and again on the further fact that, even if anybody knew what qualities to breed for, nobody would know how to breed for them. So these social statistics are, after all, as useless as the others: catechize people as thoroughly as you please about what they want in marriage, it is no sort of indication as to what they will get—or even as to what they really want.

Would we have it different? Would we, if we could, organize our emotions, drill the passions, eliminate the elvish and fatal chance? Surely the perverse and casual element in life is the one thing that at all redeems its monstrous inequalities. Take that matter of beauty alone. Seventy-six young men demand beauty in their wives: how the hearts of the plain must sink at the thought! But there is no need. Those young men do not really want beauty, and will not get it—why, they cannot even determine what beauty is! What they demand, what they will get, is the apprehension in themselves of the beauty which flickers homeless about the world, waiting to be given its place and name by the seeing eye. The more one considers, the less useful do statistics seem.

And yet, foolish as are many of these answers, foolish as are some of the questions, one can discern what the inquirers were after. They wanted, perhaps, to discover whether the picture of American undergraduates which is drawn in so many novels and films corresponded at all to the reality: whether youth, for these young folk, was really spoilt and squandered in petting and drinking and horse-play, or whether the business of life and love was still in the main taken seriously, and the future faced with some reference to standards of conduct. From this point of view, even the silliest answers are not discouraging. Even the demand for abstention from tobacco may have a meaning. It is better to have any ideal than none.



## THE FUTURE OF FASCISM

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

*Florence, September 22*

A YEAR ago I wrote an article in the SATURDAY REVIEW at the moment which was probably the tensest Italy had known since 1922. Giacomo Matteotti, Secretary of the Moderate Socialists, had been horribly murdered by political opponents in June. The country had been stirred to profound and passionate indignation, but had probably at first just kept the hither side of the line between general (if passive) approval of the Fascist regime and outright condemnation of it. Then followed, on September 13, the murder of the Fascist Deputy Casalini—an outrage not truly comparable with the first, because performed by a half-wit whose nominal membership of the Communist Party in no way entitled him to be considered a political opponent. Yet the more ferocious section of the Fascist Party insisted upon treating the Casalini murder as a political crime and holding the main figures of the Opposition responsible for it. Processions of excited youths, well equipped with revolvers and bludgeons, paraded the principal towns of Central Italy, and, to show that words were not their sole ammunition, from time to time sacked a Masonic lodge, wrecked a newspaper, or clubbed an adversary. Manifestations of opposition to these demonstrations were not easily to be found by those who looked for public meetings, processions, placards, or the other channels of political feeling. Those, however, who listened to the conversation around them, perceived what newspapers the average man was reading and discussing with his café acquaintances, and perused those same newspapers, were inevitably persuaded that the position of Fascismo in the country was highly precarious. It would have seemed a rash prophecy, but not a positively foolish one, to predict that by such and such a date a few months hence the Fascist experiment would be only a memory. What was to succeed it was a problem of much more than academic interest.

A year later the position is profoundly different. The opponents of Fascism think in terms of years rather than of months when they discuss its probable expectations of life. The alarming but somewhat exhilarating sense of mighty and inestimable changes ahead is no more. The Press, Governmental and otherwise, has become mortally dull: the people are as tired of the one's forced alleluias as of the other's censor-pruned anathemas. The ship of State sails through stagnant waters, now and then perturbed, but not freshened, by a puff of sultry wind. From the standpoint of history and philosophy the present juncture in Italy is doubtless of deep importance, but from that of journalism and topical discussion it is singularly tedious.

Fascismo, with the exaltation of its Party Secretary, Roberto Farinacci, to something like partnership in the supreme direction of its fortunes, has finally lost what prestige it once enjoyed among the intellectuals and the semi-intellectuals. Benito Mussolini is no profound or original thinker; his

more than Lloyd-Georgian flexibility of opinions disqualified him always from competition for the title of great man; but he has magnetism of no mean type, magnificent courage, energy and resolution, the command of a rude, but fresh and pregnant oratory, and a supremely picturesque presence. Nobody need be ashamed to follow such a man: one could find him in some respects a little laughable and sometimes reprehensible, and yet pin one's faith on qualities which only the wilfully blind ignore. But Farinacci! Who but the thickest-skinned cynic could profess reverence for this rampaging railwayman, whose version of Fascism is the most alarming compost of Jingoism and State Socialism? Horatio Bottomley as second figure in the Conservative Party could hardly do more to discredit it than Roberto Farinacci has done for the organization of the black shirts. The man is honest, it seems; his fingers are not stained with blood as are those of some of his cleverer colleagues; but he has the misfortune to have a mouth full of cursing and bitterness, which tumbles forth careless of the exigencies of reason or grammar. No self-respecting, educated person can accept his supremacy in the party (a supremacy much emphasized by the rarity of Mussolini's direct incursions into party affairs) without repugnance. Each speech he makes alienates the intelligent youth of the country more radically from the movement of which once it hoped everything for Italy. And his pre-eminence in the party signifies something much more than a personal triumph. It signifies the triumph of plebeianism in a party which once aspired to represent an aristocratic current. None of the indubitable practical achievements of Mussolini avail to cancel the sad revelation that the repudiation of democracy has not cut the wings of demagogy, but rather given it new and freer fields for flight.

The picture would be less gloomy could one turn to the Opposition with a sigh of relief at a wholesome contrast; but the Opposition has lost credit quite as much as, if not more than, Fascismo in the past year. A year ago it was clear that the nobler spirits of the country were at one in protesting against the moral atmosphere which enabled a horror like the Matteotti murder to be planned in the immediate vicinity of the Head of the Government and to be executed by his own closest associates. After a year the country has realized that these same noble spirits are united by no more positive ideal or programme than the destruction of Fascism. One has only to recall that the Opposition consists of four distinct Socialist parties—three Democratic groups, Republicans, Catholic-Populars, Ex-Service Men, Liberals, and some minor groups—and that where these groups are not prevented by principle from collaboration with their neighbours they are so prevented by the even more insurmountable impediment of personality, to realize how dim are the prospects of a strong democratic Government to take up the heritage of Mussolini.

In conclusion, one may formulate three statements which seem to sum up the present condition and prospects of Italy: (1) Mussolini's death or disappearance from politics would be the end of the Fascist regime, for the Fascist Party would at once split into Conservative and Syndicalist factions which have hardly anything in common.

Mussolini's health is incidentally precarious, though not desperate. (2) The end of the Fascist regime would be a disaster unless and until a new Constitutional Party was ready to take its place. (3) The men to form and lead such a party exist, but the conviction that it is necessary to do so is weak. Probably only a much longer and bitterer taste of the Fascist tyranny can bring the truth adequately home.

Hence, an observer with little liking for the principles or methods of Fascism can come to hope on Italy's behalf (1) that Mussolini's health and strength may long endure; (2) that the influence of Farinacci and his friends may not avail to drive, as it is now fast driving, the Fascist movement into such ambitious excesses as will lead to a revolt before the conditions for a successful revolt are fulfilled. Of such a revolt the character and results are alarmingly obscure.

## THE THEATRE

### SONG AND DANCE

BY IVOR BROWN

*Mercenary Mary.* The London Hippodrome.

*Charlot's Revue* (October Edition). Prince of Wales's Theatre.

*Folies Bergère Revue.* The Palladium.

A YEAR or two ago it could fairly be said that revue had a small past and musical comedy a smaller future. Recent events have turned this judgment upside down. Musical comedy is once more alive and high-kicking, while revue tends to languish in a rut. That is, perhaps, a drastic generalization to make from a comparison of Mr. Charlot's last production with 'Mercenary Mary.' But there has indubitably been a turn of the tide. Whatever may be said against 'Mercenary Mary,' the young lady cannot be accused of being weary and wan. She is blatant, but she bounds. She is no believer in the notion that legs are to be seen and not stirred.

The Austrian style of musical comedy is given to solemn loitering. In its English versions it carries the Balkans into Balham with a cargo of frogged uniforms and fine feathers. Its second acts mount to their climax of Love Misunderstood with the ponderous grandeur of a civic ceremony. The heart of Balham is expected to melt, and melting is a slow process. The world is to the swift nowadays, and Balham evidently prefers a rapid pulse to swooning in valse-time. So Nanette and Mary get busy in true American style. They are the democratic "go-getters" of gaiety, with no tendency to sing their hearts out or to dance with a stately idiocy on palace stairways.

Nanette and Mary went to school in America, and were finished in England. In their school there is a good deal of communal spirit. The chorus (and this was particularly true in the case of 'Rose Marie') is at least as important as the principals. All its members are drilled into a kind of disciplined fury. In the old days the ladies of the chorus flapped vividly about and gave a leisurely exhibition of such elegance as they possessed. Sometimes they united their voices to

announce, "Ah, here comes Sunshine Susey." At other times they concentrated on the ritual of the smile. Their dancing was a mild affair. They toiled not, neither did they spin. Now they have to spin like tops. I hope, for the sake of justice, that the wages of chorus-ladies in the new kind of musical comedy have been doubled. They earn their money.

Messrs. Clayton and Waller, who have followed up 'No, No, Nanette,' with 'Mercenary Mary,' are great believers in the far from gentle art of dinning it in. When their composers have thought of a good tune they do not allow you to forget the fact. Their policy is to think of "a number," and then double it, to think of another "number" and double that, and so to give the ear no mercy, until the brain rings with the particular catch. Naturally the melody "stays put." You leave the Hippodrome murmuring "I'm a little bit fonder of you," and in a week or two the butcher-boy will reciprocate the sentiment on your door-step. It is a curious fact of human nature that when you have heard from every errand-boy in London that he wants to be happy, even though it involves his working for your felicity also, you cannot rest until you have had the same assurance from a leading lady at the cost of some twelve shillings and sixpence. For this, if for no other reason, 'Mercenary Mary' will be a success. She bears sufficient resemblance to her sister 'Nanette.' Furthermore, there is June to dance with Mr. Sonnie Hale and Miss Peggy O'Neill to clown it with Mr. Baskcomb, whose presentation of an oafish simpleton has a ponderous gravity which is in excellent contrast to the speed and swing of the whole affair.

'Charlot's Revue' cannot be dull because Miss Maisie Gay has come back to it. Where she goes, life follows. She will mime a duchess or a charwoman, a poetess, or a principal boy, with an equally devastating satiric thoroughness, moulding her features anew for every mask in her repertoire. But to praise this great actress is merely to be obvious. Unfortunately, there is not a great deal to praise elsewhere. The Aubrey Beardsley ballet was a good idea, but its execution suffered from a lack of stage space and from a hesitation in presenting the full cruelty of Beardsley's Sinister Street. Mr. Benda's scene and dresses in black and white were too good to be interpreted by a flow of rubicund orientalism. There was much of Beardsley's beauty, little of his menace. On the whole, the draughtsman's line was better achieved than his leer, and the ballet may be accepted as a highly competent essay in black-and-white-wash.

Where revue seems to be weakening is in the art of the short sketch. The formula for these tabloid dramas has been badly worn by hard usage. Perhaps a professional critic sees too much of the game; none the less, I believe that less constant playgoers will soon be feeling that revue is in need of some new ceremonial. Musical comedy has regained lost ground by a revision of tactics. It acknowledged the arrival of the ukelele and obediently changed its tune. A good deal of brainwork has gone into the turning out of the slick, topical, and graceful revue that has recently been popular. It is an art-form that lives by taking thought, and another little think wouldn't do it any harm.

Thought does not matter much in the broad acres of the Palladium. Here prodigality of sound and

spectacle is a good investment. The new revue is about as Parisian as the Elephant and Castle. That it does not play down to its title is a great advantage, because French revue, when put together for the enticement of foreign tourists, is one of the most efficient engines ever devised for making indecency dull. Mr. Ernie Lotinga rides the Palladium whirlwind. He is "a comic" of the old abrupt and vehement style; he is to be seen four-square to adversity, a thing of gags and patches, bridling and leering and generally "getting away with it" in a world of street-corner adventure. When he sits down to his meat-tea, he at least hurls a good Yarmouth bloater in the face of that blank insipidity, the modern variety programme. I blessed his perky presence whenever it broke into the Palladium revels. And so will any other who prefers the savour of beer and pickles to the attractions of cheap scent.

## MUSIC

### VAUGHAN WILLIAMS—A NEW PHASE

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE first performance of a new work by a well-known and respected composer is always apt to be a shock to his admirers. They come to the concert prejudiced by their previous knowledge of his work, which has become an integral part of the world in which they exist. They know it, as one says, inside out, just as they know the rooms they live in and could find their way about them in the dark, even though they might not be able to tell you off-hand exactly what was the pattern of the wallpaper. So they instinctively expect the new room to be like the old ones, not perhaps exactly like, but sufficiently so to make them feel at home. But the creative artist is for ever building up new forms; if he did not we should label him repetitive. Who, having heard 'Tristan,' would have prognosticated 'Die Meistersinger'? We who can view them in perspective see their points of contact; but to contemporaries the comedy may well have seemed a strange departure.

I think it is a good and not a bad sign, therefore, that the audience in the Queen's Hall last Saturday were rather bewildered by Vaughan Williams's new work, called 'Flos Campi.' They might have been less bewildered had the composer chosen to elucidate his meaning in the programme note, instead of setting down a number of quotations alternately in Latin and in music type and leaving it at that. No doubt from his point of view that is all he considered it necessary to say about the work, but the weaker brethren would have been grateful for some clearer indications. Better than these obscurities, which merely puzzled the listener, would have been a statement that the work was inspired by the 'Song of Solomon' and a list of the main themes. For, once the prejudice of expecting something like the 'Pastoral Symphony' (or whatever happened to be one's favourite) was abandoned, the music itself was clear as daylight.

'Flos Campi' seems definitely to mark a new

phase in the composer's development; but it is not a sudden change which could not be foreseen. The way was prepared by the songs with words by Walt Whitman, which were sung by Mr. Steuart Wilson last March. Those songs were, indeed, more difficult to swallow than the new work, but I think that was because Vaughan Williams's new manner seemed more austere in the spare medium of solo voice and pianoforte than in the warmer tones of an orchestra and chorus. Austerity has always been present in his music. It shows itself not only in the occasional harshness of sound, by which he avoids sensuousness of the Wagnerian kind, but most of all in the severe self-discipline which prevents him from putting into his score anything that is merely decorative and not essential to the musical thought.

It is in this direction particularly that his later works have advanced. The long melodies, such as he gave us in the 'Sea Symphony,' the 'London Symphony,' and in 'Hugh, the Drover' are gone. Already in the 'Pastoral Symphony' we noted how the tunes were suggested rather than stated. In 'Flos Campi' they have given place for the most part to short themes, and when they exist at all, it is only in hints which never define their concrete form. If my meaning is not clear, let the reader compare the march-theme in 'Flos Campi' (No. 5 in the programme note) with the march at the beginning of the last movement in the 'London Symphony.' The rhythms of the two tunes are identical, and the notes at first are nearly the same. But the march in the symphony sweeps on in a long swinging tune that you can hum through from beginning to end. In 'Flos Campi' the tune turns in upon itself and comes to a dead stop in three bars. Continuity is secured by the onward tread of the rhythm into which the theme is woven. This particular section seemed to be the chief stumbling-block in the work. Its orientalism appeared to many as rather too naïve; but the restrained manner of treatment seemed to me in keeping with the liturgical character of the work as a whole.

For it is in that direction that Vaughan Williams seems now to be progressing philosophically, even as his technique is developing towards the contrapuntal treatment of short themes and away from accompanied melody. Religion is a difficult word, and in calling the composer "religious" I do not refer to any orthodox belief, least of all to any pietistic leaning. But a deep religious feeling has always been present in his work, as it has been in nearly all great music. In Vaughan Williams it is taking the form of a reversion to liturgical idioms. I take it that 'Flos Campi' is a mystical interpretation of the 'Song of Solomon' in music, though not quite in the terms applied to that erotic poem in the chapter headings of the Authorized Version. I am not sure, after a first hearing during which it was by no means easy to see the form of the work, that it is successful as a piece of music; but equally I am in no doubt that it contains among its arid harmonies—his master would have rated them soundly as "false relations"—moments of beauty as exquisite as any he has given us. They appear "as the lily among thorns," and perhaps closer acquaintance will make the thorns seem less spiky. The performance seemed, apart from a little want



of fluency in the choral singing, to be perfect, and that adjective may be applied with certainty to Mr. Lionel Tertis's playing of the viola part.

This is an apt place to say a preliminary word about Vaughan Williams's new violin concerto, which is to be played by Miss Jelly d'Aranyi at the first of Mr. Gerald Cooper's concerts on November 6. The work is called 'Concerto Academico,' which, however, implies no more than that it is written in the old style. It is scored for strings only, and the solo instrument does not stand out as in a modern concerto, but is used as a *concertante* instrument in the manner of Bach. There the resemblance ends, for the music is entirely personal and, from what I have heard of it on the pianoforte, does not sound like Bach "gone wrong," as did Stravinsky's pianoforte concerto. There are three movements, of which the second is slow and pastoral in feeling. The last is based upon a theme used in 'Hugh, the Drover,' but there again the resemblance ends. I hope no one will be frightened by the uninviting title of this work, which promises to make a real addition to the composer's reputation.

## ART

### SEASONS RETURN

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

The Chenil Galleries. Chelsea, S.W.

The Mayor Gallery. 37 Sackville Street, W.1.

The St. George's Gallery. 32a George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

The French Gallery. 120 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

The Independent Gallery. 5a Grafton Street, W.1.

THERE is a certain monotony in greatness, and to find that Aristides is once more first is but a poor recompense for the labour of searching. It is such a recompense that I have had for a round of the autumn art shows. Old names shine with the old lustre, but there is hardly one new name to grace the stars. The best picture which I have seen, in the visiting of six galleries, is by M. Pablo Picasso. His 'Two Boys' at the Tri-national Exhibition in the Chenil Galleries is a masterpiece of sheer drawing, outlines of the nude, which, with a minimum of "shading," express the solid, three-dimensional form as completely as Ingres or Botticelli. It is almost a miracle in these three masters that produces by linear means the complete illusion of reality. They seem to feel, as they follow the exquisite and suave contour of an outline, that each point upon their line has a thousand directions, that it moves as much backwards and forwards as up and down, that it models in depth as on the flat of the canvas. By this linear method the decorative quality of a picture is retained to the full, and no disturbing "hole in the wall" is knocked. Another artist, who once possessed this power, M. Henri Matisse, has deserted it for a more confessed modelling, and his 'Le Torse' in the same exhibition is a more laboured and very much less satisfactory production than we expect from him. Unquestionably the most distinguished of the Cubist followers of M. Picasso is M. Georges Braque, and his 'A Still Life'

(No. 8) is a very exquisite semi-representational example, a study in buff, white, green, red, and pale lemon yellow, extraordinarily simple in its units but as subtle in its combinations.

It must not be thought that because I find great merit in a Cubist I am prepared to accept any eccentricity in art—for Cubism, frankly, is an eccentricity. M. Francis Picabia's 'Portrait' is monstrous. String, matches, hairpins, and coins are not the medium of an artist, and to stick them on to a canvas to make a crude likeness of a woman's head is cleverness, not artistry.

There are many other things of interest and distress at the Chenil. Of the latter it will suffice to mention M. Brancusi's absurdities and the wish-wash of Mr. McEvoy. Of the former it must suffice to refer to Mme. Jeanne Poupelet's amazingly accurate studies of animals, both sculpturally and on the flat; to the two most attractive heads by Modigliani, very similar to the example in the Victoria and Albert Museum; Mr. Epstein's 'Fedora Rozelli' and all the wonderfully modelled work of Mr. Frank Dobson; to Mr. Edmond X. Kapp's excursions into oil, a medium which he handles delicately but not with that sureness which his drawings always display, those in this exhibition no less than many before; and to M. Georges Rouault's intense 'The Judge.'

I have admired before, and mentioned in these pages, Mr. Mark Gertler's 'Gypsy at her Toilet' and Mr. William Roberts's 'The Slum Park.' It is pleasant to see them again. I am not conscious of ever having seen anything by Mr. A. R. Thomas before. His 'Young London,' a massive and well-designed study of the riverside with frail, small figures bathing, is extremely attractive, if in a somewhat literary way. But we will let the manner pass in this as in his brilliant 'The Head of the Firm,' a Wells novel seen. M. André Derain's 'Nude' and 'Mme. Derain' are masterly, and display a little cruelly whence Mr. Gertler derives, though his influence does not make the English artist any the less; nor does the influence of Daumier on Mr. Duncan Grant's 'Figures' make that anything but a first-class painting.

Space compels me to be equally brief in dealing with the Mayor Gallery Exhibition. The new premises in Sackville Street are very well adapted for showing pictures, and Mr. Mayor's scheme of decoration is excellent. It would be easier, but graceless, to mention the pictures that are not good in his show, which is very much the best he has yet held. Mr. Paul Nash's 'Interior' and the drawing 'Dymchurch' support my contention that Mr. Nash advances steadily towards greatness, scorning formulæ for all the success of his stages. Mr. Grant's 'Market Day' and Mr. Gertler's exhibits are of expected worth, and so, too, are the works of Mr. Dobson, Mr. Roberts, and Mrs. Nicholson. Mr. Edward Wolfe's 'Still Life' is a very vital and decorative painting, but a little uneasy in tone values. His 'Nude' at the Chenil is more entirely successful but less adventurous. He is certainly a painter to be watched.

We expect a great deal of the St. George's Gallery. By their own standards I do not think the present show of contemporary English water-colours very interesting. Mr. Ginner and Mr.

John Nash we know will produce good work. An equally familiar painter who has surpassed himself is Mr. Randolph Schwabe: his 'Dover from Cambridge Terrace' is a subtle and incisive rendering of "sea-sideness," as full of atmosphere as any slapdash Impressionist of them all.

At the French Gallery there is an exhibition of paintings and drawings mostly of the Impressionist school. There is too much of M. Lucien Pissarro, a shallow and ineffective painter. M. Camille Pissarro's 'Place Henri IV' is an indication of just how good Impressionism can be, and it is not a very great picture. Only one English painter is of any serious value in this show, Mr. J. B. Manson, and I wish he would give Impressionism the "go-by." Once upon a time there was a painter called Etty, and he would have been a very great painter but for the manner to which he was born.

Mr. Turner, at the Independent Gallery, has collected a most interesting set of tapestries, carpets, wall panels and chair coverings from designs by Messrs. Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, Wyndham Tryon, and Mrs. Vanessa Bell. They are all of great artistic value, and in particular it is instructive to observe how much better Mr. Fry is at this type of work than at picture painting: one recalls the Omega Workshops.

Finally, brief mention must be made of the auxiliary exhibition at the Chenil, water-colour landscapes by Mr. E. Barnard Lintott, which are charming and sincere.

## THE CHAOS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

### I—THE SITUATION TO-DAY

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

WITH the coming of the Industrial Revolution our country made a very daring experiment, an experiment upon which no other country in the history of the world has ever ventured. We deliberately abandoned any attempt at preserving the balance between the rural and urban populations, ceased to have any agricultural policy, and concentrated all our human energy upon industrial production. We were the first nation to depart from the old economic maxim of making home food-production the leading aim of national industry, and we prodigally bought abroad any balance of food we did not happen to grow at home. The price paid did not matter, for being the first in the field in the new phase upon which industry had entered, our pockets were full and we could spend liberally. To worry about producing our own food seemed as foolish as for a busy financier to be his own typist. It is doubtful if this were ever a wise policy, for apart from financial considerations, it is the countryside that gives the towns their healthy recruits, and the countryside that provides a strong, sensible backbone of shrewd political opinion, unswayed by the more passing passions so easily aroused in teeming cities. Physically, mentally and morally, the countryside has its allotted part to play in the common weal. This, however, we decided to ignore in order to get rich.

Up to the beginning of the present century, such a policy might conceivably have been defended. To-day it most assuredly cannot. We are no longer supreme in the markets of the world, and there are many who think we can never quite regain our old position. All will agree that our financial state no longer entitles us

to send money to other countries to buy food that we can grow ourselves. The spendthrift days are past, and every penny that can be saved we must save. No longer are the towns crying out for labour—they have a surplus greater than the whole number of men working on the land, and we are assured daily that a large proportion of this surplus is likely to remain unemployed. We have unpopulated Dominions asking for settlers, settlers who would marry and increase and buy our goods, but we cannot send them out because (among other reasons) it is agriculturists who are wanted and agriculture in England is a dying industry. We spend £340,000,000 a year on foreign food, much of which could be grown at home, and only 7.2 per cent. of our total population is employed upon the land.

Rural craftsmen are fast disappearing, and soon there will be no men to thatch a rick, trim a hedge, or make a hurdle. Even the plain farm labourer is becoming scarce, for years of under-feeding and under-payment, of lack of stimulus to progress, have driven from the countryside all the best men of intelligence and ambition, leaving an ill-nourished and unintelligent residue, which (so the farmers tell us) is every year becoming less employable. In fifty years the agricultural population has been reduced by 400,000, whereas the tendency in every other country comparable with our own has been for it to increase.

These melancholy conditions are admirably set out in the Rural Report of the Liberal Land Committee, just issued.\* A century ago England led the world in agriculture, and all other countries came to us to learn it. To-day, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, countries whose conditions of soil, climate, and temperament most resemble our own, have not only caught us up, but left us behind, producing a higher yield of crops per acre, and carrying a greater head of stock, this in spite of the fact that they cultivate land which we would not look at, and the advantages of soil and climate are in our favour. A hundred acres in Germany feed fifty per cent. more people than the same area in England, and if we produced on the same scale as Denmark we should produce twice the cattle, six times the pigs, eight times the poultry, and more than twice the corn that we do. Two-fifths of unbuild-upon England is used only for rough grazings, or not used at all, and whereas in 1840 our soil supported 23,814,000 persons, in 1914 it was only supporting 15,500,000.

In spite of the growing timber shortage in the world, and our increasing consumption of it, only one-quarter of our forestable land is afforested, although our climate is well suited for woodlands, and, in some instances, a vast market exists within a few miles of forestable land now derelict. Even of those woods we have, a considerable proportion is grown for "amenity," and not for use, and in the same way farming is coming to be regarded as a cheap way of buying the life of a country gentleman, while land-owning is becoming a hobby for millionaire "sportsmen" from the towns, who know little of country ways and care still less for agriculture.

Rural housing (making all allowance for the admirable exceptions) is a blot upon our civilization, rural education is non-existent, rural life has become a blind backwater of dispirited pessimism. The spirit has departed from the countryside and left agriculture a decaying corpse that cries to Heaven for decent burial. "Without vision the people perish," and those who still nourish delusions about "England's green and pleasant land," about "the glories of our countryside," and about our "hamlets nestling 'neath the sheltering hill," and all the sentimental clap-trap that has arisen from the conception of our land as a pretty little playground, are as much to blame as any for wilfully blinding themselves and others to the tragedy we are witnessing.

\* 'The Land and the Nation.' Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.

So much for the debit side, and though its weight may appal the student, yet there remain to be set against it many assets which, fortunately, are more valuable and far-reaching than the liabilities. Our soil and climate are second to none in Europe, and in our land can still be seen examples of as good farming as any in the world. The love for agriculture still exists in many of our sons and daughters, and the agriculturist is not afraid of hard work, so long as there is something to be gained by it. In spite of almost inconceivable difficulties (all of which could be removed), there is an excess of would-be cultivators over the land at the moment available, and at our feet lies an agricultural market that is the envy of every other nation. Agriculture is in our blood, and we have those qualities of independence, resource and perseverance which are of most worth in its prosecution. We still lead the world in the breeding of bloodstock, and our agricultural scientists and professors are of international repute. Lastly, it is our habit to play with disaster until we balance on the very edge of the yawning precipice, thence marvellously to extricate ourselves even more successfully than we had anticipated.

Dare we hope that such a moment has now arrived, that at last we realize what every rural expert in rural economy has tried to din into us with such remarkable unanimity for a quarter of a century and more? Signs are not lacking to encourage such a hope, and whether we agree or disagree with the schemes, policies and criticisms recently put forward, it should not be forgotten that they are serving a good purpose if they arouse our interest, even if it is at the expense of our antagonism. An imperfect work may be all the more valuable if it makes the critic an unconscious co-operator. At least we have reached a stage where assets and liabilities can be reviewed, and the next step will be to consider their relation to each other and try to determine exactly where the laws of economy have been broken.

## PEDLAR'S PACK

**E**VEN the Home Secretary's most extravagant admirers must be beginning to realize that the rôle of mystery man does not suit him. The atmosphere of solemnity and melodrama with which he invests his alternate warnings and reassurances is becoming faintly ridiculous. Sir William's powers as Home Secretary are considerable, as he has demonstrated this week by rounding up half a dozen Reds, but there is no mystery about their nature and extent, and the attempt to suggest to the public that he is a kind of minor Mussolini, with some quite unprecedented card up his sleeve, does not become him or the Government. If there really is an extra card it will probably turn out to be the joker.

It is gratifying to see that the gargantuan howitzer on Mr. Jagger's new Artillery war memorial at Hyde Park Corner has the grace to turn its back on the Park. Truly this is an "abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." I care not what its artistic merit, no one should put up a howitzer as a war memorial. A howitzer is ugly, both physically and morally; and moreover it is not for their guns that we wish to remember the dead gunners. But chiefly a howitzer is wrong as a memorial because it is unimaginative. It is like setting up a battleship to the glory of an admiral or a model of Buckingham Palace to commemorate a king.

Mr. Jagger, much of whose work I admire, is fortunate (or is he not?) in having been discovered by Fleet Street. He is now Fleet Street's "authority" on

sculpture. This is not, of course, his fault: the popular Press has an unimaginative habit of recognizing for general purposes one or two personalities in each line of business, to the exclusion of all others. For the moment Bishop Welldon and Dean Inge are the "authorities" on religion, though to these twain should now perhaps be added Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has this week been doing some more mental undressing in public. (Why novelists should be thought proper persons to write on religion any more than laundrymen or 'bus drivers is a mystery. It is a nice question, too, which is the more reprehensible, for religious leaders to exploit journalism or for journalists to exploit religion.) Worthy divines as these are, there are others. But it is always the obvious who are chosen, and the obvious person often has an unfortunate habit of being the wrong person.

'The Playboy of the Western World' follows 'Taffy' at the Royalty Theatre. It is eighteen years since the piece was written. Many an Irish lad has quarrelled with his "da" and much blood has flowed under the bridges since then. But satire of this quality does not age; nor apparently do its players. For the preservation of a keen edge in acting great art is the best whetstone and the "originals" respond once more with unstated delight to the liquid rhythms of Synge's speech, to the superb embroidery of the metaphor, and to the leaping mischief of the plot. Miss Maire O'Neill is still the termagant Pegeen, Mr. O'Donovan dreams, brags and cowers as the Playboy, Miss Sara Allgood is the scheming, gabbling widow, and Mr. Sinclair pronounces the will of God with a portery eye. Nationalism no longer sends its deputies to howl and moan at the Playboy, which neglect may be bad for business. Common-sense, however, should send its representatives to enjoy one of the great plays of the twentieth century.

Whether or no we are to have a severe winter, as is being predicted, certainly we are having a serene autumn. In the clean October sunshine London is an enchanted city. Viewed from almost any of the bridges—though now that Charing Cross railway bridge intervenes between Westminster and Waterloo, Wordsworth's choice may be bettered from Hungerford Footbridge—her buildings fall into a right proportion and the new structures fit effectively into their places against the background of older London. Those who are doubtful of the rightness of such buildings as Bush House and Adelaide House should see them so: in particular Bush House, which mellowed to the eye by mist and distance piles itself splendidly into the sky like some tower of Babylon. The appearance on the streets on such lovely days of 'buses with covered tops seems a double misfortune. A front seat on a 'bus top is a front seat at a pageant, one of the cheapest and most innocent pleasures a Londoner may enjoy. It is to be hoped that the London General Omnibus Company in its praiseworthy efforts after comfort for the business passenger will give a thought also to the man who, so long as he may sit on his 'bus top, does not care, in the colloquial phrase, "if it snows."

The formation of the Film Society is a happy adventure. It seeks to do for the kinema what the Stage Society has done for the theatre. It will show at the New Gallery Kinema on Sunday evenings interesting new films unlikely to get a showing on commercial screens, and revivals of notable old films; and it also has for one of its objects the encouragement in every way possible of British films. The Society has its headquarters at 56 Manchester Street. The programme on Sunday, October 25, will include the remarkable German film 'Waxworks,' an English film called 'The Typical Budget' and—presumably by way of comparison—a revival of two early Chaplin films.

TALLYMAN



## THE KINEMA

### PATRIOTISM AND PROPAGANDA

THE reception given by the audience to that very remarkable film 'Ypres,' at the Marble Arch Pavilion, has many implications of importance at the present time. Every performance arouses patriotic demonstrations of the most heartening kind. The King can hardly ever have received on the film such a tumultuous reception as he did at the first performance; and nightly each heroic deed is received with rounds of applause.

The entire population of the British Isles visit picture shows approximately once each fortnight. They see innumerable films purporting to mirror the life of the aristocracy and upper classes, and yet it is safe to say that virtually none of these is even relatively true to facts. One illustration will be sufficient. Last week there was shown at one of our most popular London picture theatres a film in which a so-called English aristocrat was the hero. He was variously described as Lord Blank and Lord Algernon Blank. Now producers and scenario writers who do not even know how to address a man or woman correctly cannot be accepted as an authority on their psychology, mentality and social habits. Yet they are! There was presented in London the other day a film version of an English play which gave a vivid picture of life in London during the war. But, on the film, what we got was an American idea of a side of London life during that period, and it was as untrue and misleading as it could well be.

These pictures not only go all over this country giving the people totally wrong impressions, but they go to the Dominions and Colonies where they do nothing but harm. The evil they have done in India and other places where there is a coloured population is incalculable. Insufficient attention has been given to this, perhaps the most important, aspect of the future of the cinema. We have a film censorship which, presumably, looks after our morals (which we are well able to take care of ourselves) and which appears to be quite unconcerned with the much graver evils of this insidious and unrecognized propaganda. Nobody seems to care. The Press ignores the danger; and the public have now arrived at the stage of accepting as true a view of life which makes everyone with any position or money appear either a villain, a knave, or a fool. True, their knavery and foolishness is invariably circumvented—but always by some poor but heroic and lovable man or woman of the lower classes. This state of things has gone on too long and must be remedied. If we cannot have British films produced in England—and there are no real reasons against it—we can at least speak out loudly and frankly when we see English men and women and English life misrepresented on the film. We do so when it happens on the stage; why is the cinema allowed this licence?

The historian of the future will say let who will make a country's laws if we may make its films. Meanwhile let every good citizen go and see 'Ypres.' They will be harrowed: but the way in which the audience receive each heroic action as depicted on the screen will be such a tonic as has not been met with for many a long day.

D. C.-H.

Messrs. Nash seem to have surpassed themselves in the production of cheap editions with 'The Lothian Edition of Stevenson.' That, under existing conditions, it should be possible to issue for 3s. 6d. volumes so well printed and bound is surprising. Editions of Stevenson multiply, for the time has come when his earlier work is available to any publisher who will pay the fee, but it is difficult to imagine this edition being bettered at anything like the price.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

### AGRICULTURE AND THE GOVERNMENT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—You say "a rural revival is an indispensable factor in the solution of our problems," but you do not say what you mean by this revival.

The real difficulty of farming at the moment lies in the fact that while costs of production have risen the prices given by the consumer for the things produced have fallen very considerably. We are all consumers, though we are not all producers, and in this democratic age no Government, whatever its political complexion, dare offend the people by any policy which would raise the price of agricultural produce—i.e., of food. Thus, it would seem that under normal conditions the only thing to be done for agriculture is to leave it alone. Unfortunately, at present the conditions are not normal, for the farmer's labour bill has been raised twenty per cent. by the Wages Act, and, with falling prices, he demands, with justice, such a subsidy as will make this good.

As a practical man, I protest most strongly against turning farmers off the land for the benefit of small-holders or cottage-holders at enormous cost to the country and without any increase in agricultural production. In this island there are millions of acres of moors, or moorish land, which could be bought at £6 an acre, or less, and converted into small grazing farms of 100 acres each at a cost of £20 to £22 per acre, which would then be worth £12 an acre, so that for an expenditure of twenty-six millions in settling 10,000 families on the land, with a displacement of not more than 1,500 families, we should add very considerably to the agricultural area of the country, and that without injustice to anyone.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

### HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the first of Lord Selborne's articles on the Reform of the House of Lords, he writes: "... elaborate precautions are taken in all free and civilized countries—except now in Great Britain—that no change in the Constitution or other matters of fundamental importance should be settled without the assurance that the majority of the electors approve of the settlement." This is a principle with which most people will agree, and I presume that Lord Selborne would advocate a change of such fundamental importance as the Reform of the House of Lords only after the electorate had been consulted on the matter.

To make such a drastic alteration in our Constitution without consulting the electorate would appear to be a very high-handed action, and the consequent decisions of a Second Chamber in such circumstances would hardly carry much weight.

I am, etc.,

ARRAN

3 Whitehall Court, S.W.

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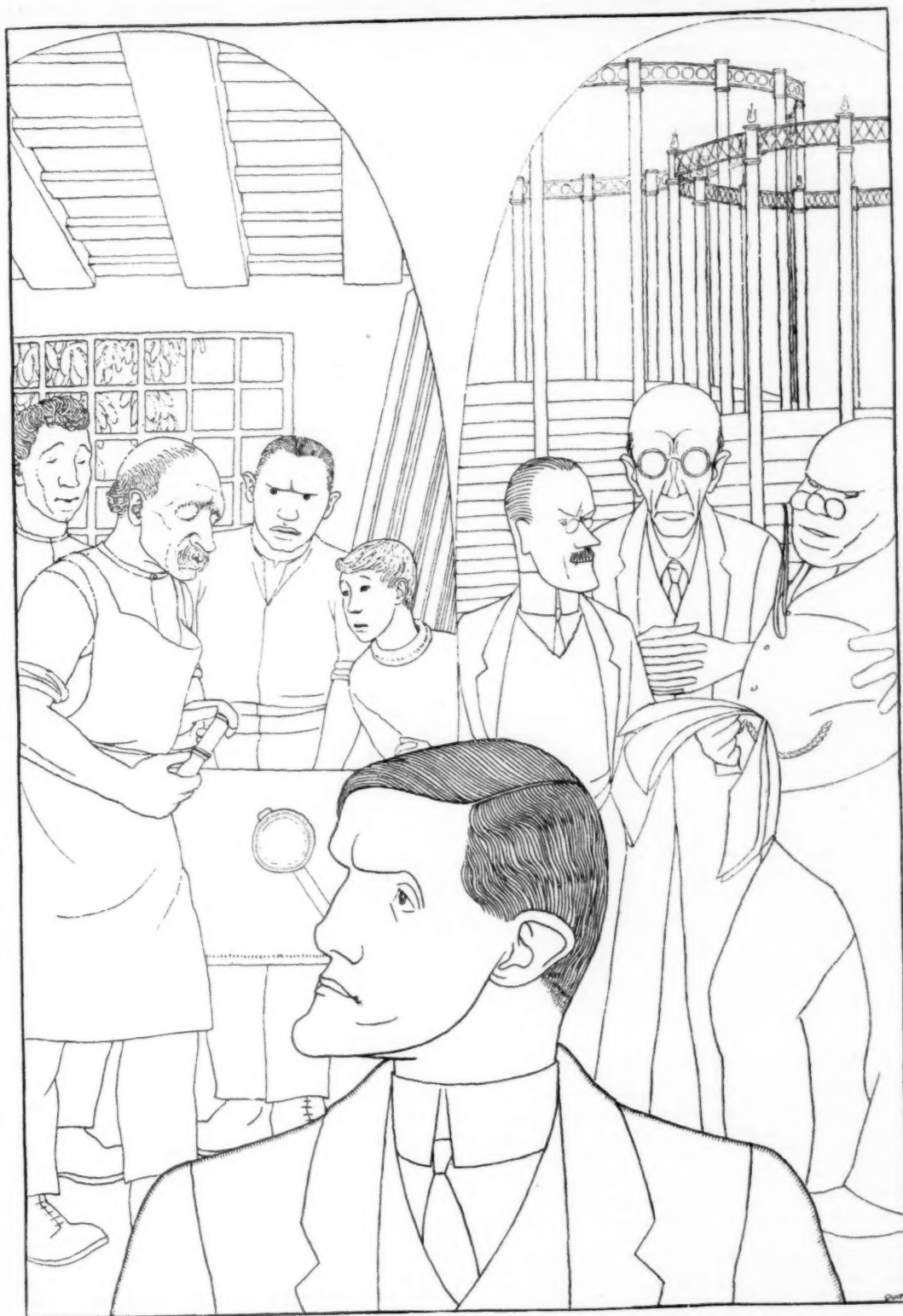
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'By Quiz.'

Dramatis Personæ. No. 173.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.  
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

## EUROPE AND THE RIFFS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Ryder has, I fear, misunderstood me. I do not suggest that the Vatican is any less opposed to the Moroccan campaign than it was to the Great War. Nor do I say that the Papacy regards the bombing of undefended Riff villages as being in a different category from the "frightfulness" in France and Belgium. I think I made it quite clear that Rome is equally opposed to all unnecessary and unjust warfare. What I did endeavour to show was that, while the Great War, which was in every way exceptional, "warranted" (perhaps a badly chosen word) an actual appeal for peace from Rome, the Papacy could hardly be expected to continue to express its disapproval on subsequent occasions of less world-wide importance, especially since the remonstrances made during the Great War are fresh in the memory of all.

I would like to qualify this by suggesting that the Vatican, in raising its voice during the Great War, was acting in the hope that, in that most terrible conflict the world had ever known, at least one or two among the unprecedented number of belligerent nations would take some notice, if only because such outspoken expression of the Church's views was of rare occurrence, and consequently more likely to command attention. As it happened, neither the Vatican's appeal for peace nor its protest against "frightfulness" was heeded. If the French and Spanish bomb undefended Riff villages, then they are clearly doing something which they know perfectly well to have been condemned in advance by the Papacy. Why should the Pope repeat remonstrances which have not been attended to, and which are not at all likely to be attended to now, especially by anti-clerical France? The suggestion that the Vatican has not interfered in the Moroccan war, because it is a war between Christian countries and a non-Christian race, is not correct. All Catholics know that the Church is just as opposed to it as it would be to a similar war between Christian nations.

I agree with Mr. Ryder's last paragraph. If England had employed methods of terrorism in Ireland, and all the world had united in protest, the Papacy would certainly not have stood aloof. In the present instance, however, not one single nation has protested, although I have no doubt that many, realizing that isolated protests would, under the circumstances, be useless, content themselves, as the Vatican does, with silent disapproval.

I am, etc.,

G. E. HECHT

4 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W.8

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to the discussion on the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to the Franco-Spanish operations in Morocco, may I quote a paragraph from the editorial columns of the *Catholic Times* for October 10? It expresses the rights of the Riffs very strongly:

The terms of peace offered to the Riffs by M. Painlevé have now been published. They read better than they actually prove to be on examination. The Riffs are a nation of freemen. Let us remember that. They have fought for their land for hundreds of years. When they accepted Islam the land was not expropriated, so the Riff soil has never belonged to the Sultan of Morocco. In face of this fact the offer of "commercial liberty to be recognized within the limits of international treaties" was a shady one. According to "international treaties" the mineral wealth of Morocco belongs to the Sultan. Thus, if the Riffs had accepted the terms, they would have had no control over this important commercial asset. Again, the appointment of a police force for the Riff territory is inconsistent with the principle of administrative and political autonomy. And, above all, there was a flat refusal to guarantee to Abdel Krim any form of autonomy before the cessation of hostilities. There was nothing left to freemen but to fight on.

It is true that the *Tablet* took a different point of view, but its voice was solitary; and the idea that the

*Tablet* speaks for the generality of Roman Catholics is an idea the humour of which is fully appreciated by Roman Catholics themselves.

I am, etc.,

"NESCIO QUIS"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Tournebroche," by his letter in your issue of September 26, seems to manifest an inclination to whitewash the ex-Kaiser, while he strongly denounces the French and Spanish Governments for the manner in which they have carried on the war against the Riffs in Morocco. The campaign may not have been carried on in the most humane manner, and Riff villages may have been bombed by French and Spanish airmen, but why drag in the Pope?

It is clear that Pope Benedict XV endeavoured by his Peace Note of 1917 (see 'No Small Stir,' published by the London Society of SS. Peter and Paul, where the note is published in full) to bring the then combatants together, and to inaugurate an era when the moral force of right should replace the material force of arms; and it is equally clear that His Holiness condemned the bombing of undefended towns and other outrages committed in the Great War. But he did these things after he had clear evidence of the facts before him, and the general condemnation of outrages of certain kinds which His Holiness then made would no doubt stand good to-day. There is no evidence that either of the parties has asked the Pope to intervene in the present deplorable conflict, or that His Holiness is aware of what is going on in Morocco.

Your correspondent forgets that the Pope has no representation (direct or indirect) on the League of Nations or on any of its Committees, and the news from Morocco and the means of information as to what is happening there are limited, and are no doubt subject to French and Spanish censorship. Further, I have no doubt that if the Pope again condemned the indiscriminate bombing of open towns and villages, he would not be listened to any more than he was in the Great War.

The reference to Catholic teachers getting round the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," by adding "except in self-defence," shows uncharitableness and ignorance. This exception is part and parcel of the law of this land, and it is a well-known principle of the law of all civilized nations.

I am, etc.,

W. P. MARA, Hon. Sec.

The Westminster Catholic Federation,  
5 Chancery Lane, W.C.2

## ART TO ART AND OTHER MATTERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Gerald Gould's delightful and friendly article has given me opportunities for filling your correspondence columns until Christmas. He "opens up avenues," as they say in negotiating circles, with the lavish abandon of a politician in a mess. Were I to reply in full to his "Art to Art Talk," the flow of Art might properly be cut short by the "Ed." I might, for instance, deliver myself upon:

- (a) The Platonic Æsthetic.
- (b) The Kantian Categorical Imperative.
- (c) Whether or not R. L. S. is to be designated "Good Old Steve."

- (d) What, where, when, why, and how is happiness?

I would, however, remind Mr. Gould that I am not still taking the School of *Literæ Humaniores*. Consequently I absolutely refuse to write him a complete set of "Greats" papers for nothing. The alternative of a "viva" (to be held upon any licensed premises he



likes to mention) I gladly accept, hereby inviting you, Sir, to take the chair for as many rounds as you care to stand. "In Wincarne veritas," as the educated ladies ought to remark.

To return to the fairway. I think that Mr. Gould and I might come to terms. If I admit that I overstated my case, he might decently confess to having over-stated his. In discussing 'The Moon and Sixpence,' I said that the creation of beauty is no excuse for ugly conduct and I dismissed as sentimental nonsense the plea that the artistic temperament justifies caddish behaviour. So far, I think, Mr. Gould will follow me. I never said that the artist ought to be good because he is happy, but I did argue that if anyone is going to be excused for making a beast of himself it should be the industrial drudge rather than the man of sense and sensibility. Mr. Gould disputes this and thinks that, if there are to be exceptions the artist "has more excuses than most of us," because of his capacity for suffering.

The simplest solution of the dispute is for both of us to withdraw our special claims. At the same time I am not going to accept this appeal to "pity the poor artist," of whom Mr. Gould says, "He is, as a rule, a tired and tortured man." He then cites Shakespeare. That Shakespeare had periods of immense distress is obvious; that he also had periods of immense exhilaration seems to me equally obvious. Before and after the spasms of fatigue and torture were the spasms of freshness and fun. Hamlet and Lear broke from a breaking heart. But the comedies could only have broken from a heart that was breaking into a song of joy. If 'Timon' is a commination service so is 'The Dream' a Te Deum. Indeed, Shakespeare's colossal appetite for life and his rich savouring of the social scene are quite as typical of his genius as is his railing against God and man. In that he typifies also the great artist who is simply the man of heightened susceptibilities. For him there is nothing unremarkable beneath the visiting moon. When he suffers he suffers more intensely than the "humdrum eupeptic" person; when he rejoices his joy is the more intense and abounding. The two extremes thus cancel out and the artist is on the whole neither more happy nor more wretched than "the maid that milks and does the meanest chares." In short, if I withdraw my contention that the artist is more likely to enjoy life than is the ordinary inexpressive man, then Mr. Gould might withdraw his plea for mercy for a tortured soul.

I am naturally grateful to Mr. F. J. Dawson for his compliments and a little perplexed by his request to give "my present views on a quietist drama." My original argument was that the English mind and temper of our time would find its most apt and natural theatrical expression in avoiding flamboyance of writing and acting (e.g., the "expressionism" fashionable on the Continent) and in pursuing finer shades of dialogue and presentation. I mentioned the effect that a visit of the Moscow Art Theatre might have in teaching us quietism. Since then we have had some Chekhov in English, but not the Russian players. Since I wrote that article we have had on the London stage several pieces which in speech and acting appeared to me fine examples of the way in which English self-restraint can find powerful artistic expression. Particularly notable were 'The Conquering Hero,' by Mr. Allan Monkhouse and 'The Prisoners of War,' by Mr. J. R. Ackerley. Another play of this class was 'The Show,' by Mr. J. Galsworthy, which evidently disappointed people because it was not showy. In 'The Man With a Load of Mischief,' Mr. Ashley Dukes took a boot-and-saddle theme and substituted a quality of muted poetry for the conventional jangling of swords, spurs, and oaths. This seemed to me good quietism with a native distinction of style.

I am, etc.,

IVOR BROWN

[Many letters are unavoidably held over.—ED. S.R.]

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent reviews.

IT is not our fault that Mr. G. K. Chesterton has had to wait a week for admission into this column. His new book, 'The Everlasting Man' (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d. net), appears to possess in the highest degree his characteristic virtues and vices. To turn a few pages is to be rewarded by brilliant rediscoveries of the most obvious and the most neglected truths. It is also to be irritated by rather frequent mechanical capers. But a review will follow in due course, and we must now do no more than state his position. Roughly, it is that there are two things which are inexplicable by the true or spurious science of our time: the creation of man, whose profound difference from animal life is stressed by Mr. Chesterton, and the appearance in this world of the historical figure of Christ.

Mr. Drinkwater—but here we offer only hasty impressions—seems to have applied the scissors-and-paste method to Burns in his play of that name (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net). Perused at leisure, or performed with the music which has been composed for it, the play may conceivably justify that method; but at first view we find it rather comic that Burns should be so punctually and pertinently delivered of his lyrics. Would it have been so utterly impossible to have made a play about Burns the man, leaving us to recollect the poems? We tremble at the thought of Mr. Drinkwater working slowly through the whole line of English poets and giving us a dramatized anthology.

A couple of reprints claim attention. One is a somewhat over-elaborated edition of Wilde's 'Dorian Gray' (Bodley Head, 16s. net), with illustrations by Mr. Henry Keen. As Mr. Osbert Burdett reminds us in an introduction, the book has had a very curious history. To us it seems important only as a condensation of almost all that Wilde admired in Pater and Huysmans into a precious "shocker." We do not know whether it has been noticed that in one chapter Wilde boldly reproduced the learning he had acquired while reviewing, or lifting matter from, a book on lace which he dealt with in the paper for women he once edited. The other reprint is an edition of 'Ixion in Heaven' (Cape, 7s. 6d. net) by Benjamin Disraeli, with very effective decorations by Mr. John Austen. We beg the reader to note the skill with which Mr. Austen has combined the Olympian and the Early Victorian in certain of his designs.

'The Diary of Thomas Turner' (Bodley Head, 4s. 6d. net) is exceedingly welcome. The writer of it was a kind of miniature Pepys, a Sussex grocer at the middle of the eighteenth century, very pious, very much given to drink, and with a real feeling for the drama of his own life. His book, though slightly drawn upon by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby for that excellent consideration of 'English Diaries,' is not really well known, but we predict it very speedily will be. The pictures of local society are extraordinarily entertaining.

'A Pedagogue's Commonplace Book' (Dent, 5s. net) is a collection, made by Miss Edith Rowland, of Tudor and Stuart pronouncements on the aims and methods of education. It is surprising that such a book has not been made before, and nothing could be more salutary to modern conceit than to read some of the wise and human things Miss Rowland has brought together.

'We Twa' (Collins, 36s. net), the memories of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, is sure of success with the large public that enjoys memoirs neither too solidly serious nor merely flippant.

An edition of the Barchester novels of Trollope (Hayes, 6 vols., £2 5s. net) testifies to the continued revival of interest in that writer, who would have been a mediocrity if he had not been a master.

## REVIEWS

## CHEKHOV AS CRITIC

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

*Letters on Literature.* By Anton Chekhov. Bles. 12s. 6d. net.

IT was a good idea to select from the mass of Chekhov's correspondence the literary and theatrical letters and to make a volume of them. Chekhov's influence has already been enormous and it is by no means at an end. The best of our contemporary short-story writers freely confess their debt to him, both for the inspiration they have received from a constant and delighted study of his work, and for the direct influence of his technique and his critical observations on the subject of story-writing in general. In the drama he has so far played a smaller part, but his influence here, I suspect, will be even greater before we have done, if only because in 'The Three Sisters' and 'The Cherry Orchard' his achievement is more astonishing than it is in even the very best of the short stories. He worked more wonders, it seems to me, with that most stubborn of all forms, the dramatic, than he did with the short tale. He may have been a more perfect artist in the tale, but as an innovator, an influence, the dramatist will yet over-shadow the story-teller. When a dramatist like Mr. Bernard Shaw, much older in years than Chekhov, more experienced in the theatre and far more widely known, plainly shows Chekhov's influence, as Mr. Shaw did in 'Heartbreak House,' you may be sure that we have not done with such an influence. Indeed, we have only just begun.

But a reader who, like myself, is even more fascinated by Chekhov's dramatic technique than by his narrative methods will come to the end of these letters with a feeling of disappointment. It is true that there is one section devoted to the plays, but there Chekhov devotes himself almost exclusively to the subject matter of his plays and to the casting of them. (There are, of course, some invaluable notes for any producer of the plays.) Another section is devoted to his criticism of the plays submitted to him by his friends. The letters there are a complete refutation of the charge, put forward by stupid playgoers, that he knew nothing of the theatre and play-making. He proves himself to be a very keen student of dramatic technique. Like all genuine innovators, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with what he was destined to overthrow before he overthrew it. He knew all the tricks and then proceeded to set them all aside. But—and this explains our disappointment—he nowhere condescends to point out what he was trying to do in the later plays. Was he less conscious of his technique in the plays than he was in the stories? Or was it merely that he was older, less eager, more tired during his dramatic period, and so could not trouble to deal with technical questions with the youthful thoroughness and enthusiasm he shows in his early letters to fellow novelists?

Certainly there is no more valuable chapter in the whole book than that entitled, 'The Art of the Short Story,' in which we are given various letters addressed to fellow writers. Every person who has tried to write a short story, and every person who wishes to read the modern short story intelligently and understand its development, should make the acquaintance of these letters. They are crammed with meat. Consider such an observation as this:

Yes, I wrote to you once that you must be unconcerned when you write pathetic stories. And you did not understand me. You may weep and moan over your stories, you may suffer together with your heroes, but I consider one must do this so that the reader does not notice it. The more objective, the stronger will be the effect.

And again, a year later to the same correspondent:

You are making good progress, but let me repeat my advice—to write with more phlegm, coolly. The more sensitive the matter in hand, the more calmly one should describe it—and the more touching it will be at last.

That observation is worth untold gold to every creator of fiction. Why does the pathos of so many writers, even great writers like Dickens and Sterne, not merely leave us unmoved but even repel us? It is because they are so obviously indulging themselves, enjoying their emotions. But when a narrator not only does not indulge his emotions but treats the matter with a marked coolness, this very coolness heightens our feelings. Chekhov was clever enough to transfer this trick to the playhouse. A play has no narrator, to show phlegm at more emotional moments, but it has a number of characters brought together. Suppose one character is feeling something very deeply, wistfully touching on some secret dream, then if the other personage or personages display inattention and indifference, busy with their own thoughts and affairs, the same effect will be produced in the minds of the audience. If no one will show any interest, will be touched, then they, the audience, will show interest, will be touched. And that explains, of course, what may have puzzled so many people who saw the recent production of 'The Cherry Orchard,' it explains why its characters seem so independent, so indifferent and inattentive to one another.

What then is the substance of this advice that Chekhov pours out so liberally to his fellow novelists? What is the Chekhov method in fiction? It may be described, shortly, as the subjective made objective. Chekhov calls himself an objective writer (he is for ever using the term), but this is not altogether true. Being a man of his time, his real aim is a subjective one, that is, what he is interested in are not really actions but states of mind. But he does not make it his business, as do most representative modern writers, to describe states of mind. He describes, as shortly as possible (and he is always insisting on brevity, the simple statement everywhere), outward incident, action, and dialogue, and from them we infer what his people are feeling. "When I write," he once remarked, "I reckon entirely upon the reader to add for himself the subjective elements that are lacking in the story." Thus he is worlds away from most of our representative moderns, who potter about from the first chapter to the last in their hero's or heroine's consciousness. And the Chekhov method is undoubtedly the method for real narrative, for the tale pure and simple (for a novel may be something quite different, after all, as 'Pickwick Papers' is different); and it, or something like it, is the method that the best fiction in the immediate future will adopt. The Joyces of our fiction do not open out a new era, as so many people seem to imagine, they close an old one; they are a wild logical conclusion and spell "finis." This other method, in which an apparently simple objectivity in presentation serves a subtle subjectivity in interest, is not easy; there can be no faking in it; it demands genius, real imagination. The writer must be saturated in his subject, living with it so long that at last he sees what are its essentials and his apparently simple direct statements come to possess powers of evocation. Indeed, if this manner in fiction can be described in a word, we might call it the "evocative." It is the best thing that is happening in contemporary literature.

## A BRILLIANT PREACHER

*The Life and Letters of William Boyd-Carpenter.*

By H. D. A. Major. Murray. 16s. net.

DR. MAJOR presents a good appreciation of the brilliant orator who was a bishop for twenty-seven years, but his book is longer than it need be, especially as Boyd-Carpenter published a good deal about himself. For instance, the text of the first sermon he preached before Queen Victoria, and a host of requests for reviews and articles from all sorts of persons do not interest us much. The Bishop, always extraordinarily fluent, and, as we have heard shorthand

writers lament, too rapid to be taken down, would have liked to be a man of letters. He wrote a great deal as a middle-man between scholars and the public, and his verse is mostly undistinguished, though one or two of his hymns might be added to a store not great in quality. He developed from Evangelicalism to a broad belief which to some seemed to shun difficulties. With scant sympathy for clericalism, he thought that a bishop should be "a layman to the parson, and a parson to laymen." Not strong in health, he got through an immense amount of work in a particularly difficult diocese. From his palace of sleepy Ripon he had to exert control over the rival and tremendously active centres of Leeds and Bradford. Dr. Major shows very well the trials of such a position and the woes of the *odium theologicum*. The letters which the Bishop sent to militant correspondents are models of patience and good sense. A table of statistics for a few years reveals heroic labours, and Ripon Hall was only one of his far-reaching energies. His excellent sense of humour and strong feeling of affection for those he worked with carried him through. Clerical critics, however, spoil this work when they exaggerate its lesser burdens. We find an annual garden-party described by the Bishop of Knaresborough as "very expensive and very exhausting." The worldly frequently carry through such engagements without any idea of acquiring posthumous merit for them. As Court Chaplain, Boyd-Carpenter was genuine and a great success. Queen Victoria loved him, and would have liked him to be Laureate, and the Kaiser, several of whose letters as an eager Christian are included, set himself to popularize his religious writings in Germany. Personal charm Boyd-Carpenter had to a high degree, but we can hardly rank him as a preacher with men like Westcott and Creighton. The efflorescence of his eloquence had a strong emotional effect, but did not last for the critical like the fewer words of a great preacher of the sort entitled to the name of prophet. Jowett, cool and wise, is omitted from the Index at the end, but his letter to the Bishop about his Bampton Lectures is notable:

My counsel would be not to print them or to let them further trouble you at present, but to take them up again sometime hence and to preach them with alterations and additions at York, Leeds, Ripon and elsewhere. This would keep up the interest in the subject, and people would never tire of hearing them, like Whitfield's sermons. But if printed, they would disappoint, because the impression of the book could never equal the impression of the sermons, and the impression of the preacher might be further damaged by the impression of the book. I am inclined to think a great preacher should never write. He should confine himself to the mode of expression which is most congenial to him.

The preaching and writing were, as is suggested, like those of Stopford Brooke, instinct with a strong sense of beauty and poetry, but occasionally wanting in something craggy to break the mind upon. Boyd-Carpenter never used a manuscript in the pulpit or on the platform, but the notes had been made beforehand with careful preparation. One might expect a man so gifted and favoured to be carried away with worldly ambition, but extracts from a private diary beautifully revealed unworldly devotion, diffidence, and intense need of a love which he found in, and gave to, others. Married twice, he had a large family, and an ideal home life, full of love and laughter.

#### OLD PALS

*English Song Book*. Collected and edited with an Introduction by Harold Scott. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

"I WANT to be Happy" is the burden of a song which is enjoying a considerable vogue at the present moment. It is, no doubt, a universal sentiment; most certainly it is typically English. That happiness is (as Pope asserted) "our being's end and aim" is a proposition that has never been disputed by the people

of this country. True, the English instinct for happiness has sometimes sought curious forms of expression. Architecturally it was embodied in the Crystal Palace; musically, in the creation of the serio-comic song—perhaps the two most characteristic products of that Victorian age which it is now the fashion to deride but to which we may return when we have become weary of sexual licence and liquor restrictions.

For the Victorian age had its points, after all. The happiness of man was not lost sight of, though his comfort may have been hampered by the crinoline. Mr. Harold Scott, in his preface to this book, recalls the scenes which were to be witnessed nightly at Evans's Song and Supper Rooms in 1851:

At 1 a.m. the place was in full swing; at the long supper table ranks of cigar-smoking men were to be seen eating oysters and poached eggs on steak; they sat in a large hall, splendidly gilt, with a curtained stage, embellished with the "grand piano-forte de rigueur," and with a ladies' gallery above divided into little private boxes.

There was no need for a "Brighter London" movement in those days.

Mr. Scott has earned our thanks for preserving for us much of the popular minstrelsy of that period. (Parenthetically, it ought to be observed that his researches into the subject take him as far back as 'The Beggar's Opera'). Here is a specimen:

As I was a'walking along the sea-shore,  
Vare the loud visting vinds and vater do roar,  
With the sky for a kivering, the sand for the ground,  
I heard a loud voice making sorrowful sound,  
Crying Oh! my love's dead whom I adore,  
So I never shall see my true lovier no more.

That was the sort of song that kept famous wits and orators from their beds o' night. Little things please great minds.

The reader of this 'English Song Book' will discover some old friends in a new guise. He will learn with some surprise that 'My Lord Tom Noddy' was apparently at one time a music-hall song, and his surprise will be reinforced by the discovery of the fact that Mr. Scott does not seem to have heard of the Reverend Richard Harris Barham, minor canon of St. Paul's and author of 'The Ingoldsby Legends.' Other occasions for surprise there will be, too. Indeed, surprise is almost too mild a term for the emotion aroused, when one encounters a lyric "specially written" by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, and set to music by G. F. Root. A certain interest will always attach to

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the bad poems of great statesmen, and the opening stanza of Mr. Disraeli's contribution to English verse may be quoted as an example of what that versatile politician could accomplish under the spur of necessity :

My breast is like a silent lute,  
Some faithless hand has thrown aside.  
Those chords are dumb, those tunes are mute,  
That once sent forth a voice of pride;  
Yet even o'er the lute neglected,  
The wind of Heavens will sometimes fly,  
And even thus the heart dejected  
Will sometimes answer to a sigh;  
And even thus the heart dejected  
Will sometimes answer to a sigh.

The student of our popular songs will find in this volume a rich mine in which to delve, though the method of selection is somewhat haphazard. Here (with the accompanying music) are 'Sally in Our Alley,' 'Villikins and his Dinah' (only two stanzas of which are given), 'My Grandfather's Clock,' 'Not for Joseph,' 'Nelly Bly,' 'Champagne Charlie' and 'The Two Obadiahs,' to name but a few of the better-known. The note of conviviality is sounded in many of these songs—there is every indication that our Victorian ancestors "wanted to be happy"—though Lady Astor herself could hardly object to such sentiments as these :

Please sell no more drink to my father,  
It makes him so strange and so wild;  
Hear the prayer of my heart-broken mother,  
And pity the poor drunkard's child.

From strains so lugubrious we turn with relief to :

We do snug little dinners,  
And they pass off very nice,  
I put my old pal on the chair,  
He makes me take the vice;  
We toast her gracious Majesty,  
We don't forget the "gals,"  
But the toast of the evening is  
Success to true old Pals.

The song from which these lines are taken concludes the volume; and rightly so. It marks the passing of an epoch.

#### EPIGRAM AND CARICATURE

*Lampoons.* By Humbert Wolfe. Drawings by Bohun Lynch. Benn. 6s. net.

MR. WOLFE complains in his preface that nobody, except Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton, hates anybody now: and that Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton hate only Jews and politicians. It has "generally been found," he says, "much easier to hate a Jew and a politician than anybody else." We think he forgets doctors and women. Anyway, in this easy and airy little volume of epigrams and parodies, he has tried to bring back the healing touch of satire to a world grown indolent and obese on the milk-diet of human kindness. Not—as he explains—that these are the satires he really wants to publish: no publisher will risk *them*; these are but "penny crackers," "pin-pricks," in his own words—and pin-pricks (if we may muddle the metaphor) from which he has extracted the sting by confessing that, with a few exceptions, the persons he has selected to lampoon are "the best of their time and their generation." His epigrams are not savage, as Dryden's or Blake's are savage.

At their least good, they are never less than neat: at their best, they have a beauty which exalts them into pure poetry: and, even when they deal hardly with their victims, they are not cruel. The best, for critical finish and finality, is that on Mr. George Moore :

Women he praised and, after women, Art.  
Good friends he had, and used them all for copy.  
Had but his genius matched as great a heart,  
Time had not mixed his laurels with the poppy.

Here is another that cannot be called kindly :

Confident that art and brains  
end with them (and Maynard Keynes)  
the school of Bloomsbury lies here,  
greeting the unseen with a sneer.

But the only epigram which could by any stretch be labelled "savage," is that on M. André Maurois—and that we take leave to consider very unjust :

André Maurois thought it well  
to mock at you as Ariel.  
Yet pardon, Shelley, if you can,  
the jealousy of Caliban.

Mr. Wolfe (to revert to his preface), though he suggests that he "may perhaps be excused" from sharing the opinions of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton on Jews, yet quotes anti-Semitic verses from those two poets with approbation, because, as he says, "an ounce of clean hatred is worth a ton of impertinent indulgence." But he has, in the body of the book, his ripost :

Here lies Mr. Chesterton,  
who to heaven might have gone,  
but didn't, when he heard the news,  
that the place was run by Jews;

and, even more efficiently :

Here lies Hilaire Belloc, who  
preferred the devil to a Jew.  
Now he has his chance to choose  
between the devil and the Jews.

We have no space for his laudatory lines. But it must be recorded that he here joins the small band of really first-class parodists. By making some contemporary poets write about one another, he gets in, almost too subtly, a double criticism. Here is something for which the word "parody" would seem unworthy: it is (need we say?) supposed to be by Mr. W. H. Davies :

Yeats sees, by twos, his swans at Coole,  
with backward-folded necks,  
on Lethe write their beautiful  
and everlasting X.

Not so my swans. There is a pair  
floating before me now;  
I'll take them by their beaks, I swear,  
and push them like a plough.

Mr. Davies himself might have written that, and been proud of it.

#### LOUISE LABÉ

*The Debate Between Folly and Cupid.* Translated by Edwin Marion Cox. Williams and Norgate. 25s. net.

AMONG the precursors of Ronsard one figure stands out prominently, the first of poets in modern times to write of the pains of love and the torment of desire in a language stripped of oratorical devices and mythological trappings. Louise Labé has left us little, a tiny volume of twenty-four sonnets, a few elegies, and a dialogue which might have been written in the best days of Alexandrian Greek, but which was entirely of her own invention, the 'Débat de folie et d'amour.' Little as it is, it is enough to ensure her immortality. It was the age of the New Learning, among men and women alike, of all classes from Queen Margaret of the 'Heptameron' and Lady Jane Grey to Louise Charlin or Labé, the daughter of the

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ropemaker. They read Greek fluently, Latin and Spanish as well, they wrote, they discussed, and appreciated the masterpieces of antiquity and of their own time. The frankness with which our author spoke of her feelings naturally gave birth to legends about her life, legends which have been dispelled to a great extent by her latest editor, M. Charles Boy. Even the story of the escapade of Perpignan, to which Mr. Cox appears to attach some credit, has been satisfactorily explained, and the comment of Calvin—*plebeia meretrix*—conveys no more than his sour way of saying that he disliked the tendency of her writing. The 'Debate' itself arises from a quarrel between Folly and Cupid, in which Folly blinds him and fixes over his eyes a bandage that cannot be removed; an appeal is made to Jupiter. Apollo and Mercury plead for the respective parties; and Jupiter, adjourning his decision for "three times seven times nine centuries," orders Folly in the meantime to be the guide and constant companion of Love. In title this piece seems to follow a fashion of medieval French; at one time every one wrote debates, between the owl and the nightingale, and so on interminably, and the fashion spread to England; but these debates were in verse, this one is in vigorous and delicate prose. Mr. Cox's style reproduces the charm of the original in another medium; Robert Greene had already translated a great part of it before the end of the sixteenth century in his vigorous Elizabethan. Mr. Cox writes in a purer classical language, without sacrificing the flexibility of thought and expression which characterize the only woman-poet who can be put beside Sappho, and has had the happy thought of embellishing a finely printed book by reproductions of some eighteenth century engravings; his preface gives a scholarly account of the various editions of Louise Labé's poems.

## SHORTER NOTICES

### SOME RECENT NOVELS

MR. LOCKE has got away with it again. Neither the hero nor the heroine of his new story, *The Great Pandolfo* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d. net), can be described as likely, and his narrative takes a course that the reader experienced in sentimental fiction can easily predict after the first few chapters have been read. But Mr. Locke's pleasure in his people, his ingenuity, his pleasant manner carry off much that might be expected to prove fatal. Frankly, we have been entertained even by those episodes in the career of the inspired and boastful Pandolfo which most excited our incredulity. There is something more to be said in justice to Mr. Locke. If on the whole the book simply shows us again the writer who has specialized in beloved vagabonds, it gives us one really impressive glimpse of the novelist Mr. Locke might have been. When Pandolfo, ruined financially, goes from London to Monte Carlo to see the vicious woman whom, loving the heroine of the book, he has so disastrously married, "there is an interview done with real imagination and power." Till that moment Lady Pandolfo has been no more than a puppet. Then she comes to life, and is inspired by Pandolfo's magnanimity to a line of action that surprises, convinces and moves the reader. If Mr. Locke cared to write on that level, he would occupy a very different place among contemporary novelists. But no doubt he owes it to his large public to write otherwise.

In *Unchanging Quest* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net), Sir Philip Gibbs writes as a journalist rather than a novelist. His purpose is to show us the mind of an age, of that age which ended when the last of the generous illusions of the war period was dissipated. He does his work well enough. He has travelled widely, observed much, been full of humane enthusiasm, and through hardly typical characters, he re-lives the years

of his own working life. Despite the claims made by the publishers, the book is not a spiritual history of England during thirty years; but it is in its way an accurate record of the things that intelligent, liberal-minded, somewhat cosmopolitan people in England mostly thought about during that period. Is Sir Philip, however, quite wise in entering on ground where he competes with Mr. Wells?

With less ambition, less varied material, but more instinct for narrative, Mr. G. P. Robinson gives us in *Across the Hill* the stories of some young men who reacted strongly to the stimulus of the war, and then discovered for themselves that it is difficult to keep heights that the soul is competent to gain. The social situation of his hero is described with an elaboration that seems hardly necessary, and a detail here and there arouses scepticism. So also, in the Oxford chapters, there is occasionally a tinge of unreality, due in part to the presence of Mannock, the inebriated tutor, who is certainly a literary reminiscence, though possibly from a book never written. But, taking the book as a whole, it is true enough, if not to actual fact, then to youth's sense of fact. Mr. Robinson will do still better work when he has decided whether to look upon his characters from without or from within, whether to see them with the detachment of the recording angel or with irony and pathos to affect to view them with our eyes. At present he is sometimes the shrewd observer from without and sometimes disposed to take youth at its own ingenuous valuation. Either way he can do excellently, but the alternation of methods is not very fortunate. There is genuine appreciation of the tragedies of the peace in his book, and there is sound writing, with some alert dialogue.

*Norway.* By G. Gathorne Hardy. Benn. 15s. net.

THIS sound and competent account of Norway fulfils quite excellently the purpose of the series ('The Modern World: A Survey of Historical Forces') in which it is included.

Norway is not only one of the most consistently friendly but one of the most nearly akin to ourselves among foreign nations, and its political and industrial experiences have therefore a particular interest. It shares the same bogeys of Communism, labour troubles, and the rule of politicians, and, strangely for a neutral State, the same terrible depression. But Norway has not suffered from a disproportionate growth of industrialism: it is a Prohibition country whose experience should be not less applicable to us than America's; it is, like Ireland, a country wrestling with two languages; and it presents to the school which preaches salvation by agriculture and self-sufficiency the strange spectacle of a State as little dependent on the see-saw of modern business as it very well could be, which is all the same as completely in the throes as the most highly industrialized nations.

*Katoufs.* By The Princess Marie Troubetzkoy. Illustrated by H.I.H. The Grand Duchess Marie Gueorguievna. Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.

CHILDREN delight, as a rule, in bright colours and queer shapes. They will find many such here. "Silly, jolly things," the author calls the "katoufs," and, though they are absurd in their grotesqueness, they are charmingly coloured. The Grand Duchess Marie Gueorguievna is a niece of Queen Alexandra, who evidently watched with amusement and interest the growth of the book, which is dedicated to Her Majesty. It is happily conceived, with imagination and originality. The verses are, perhaps, weaker than the illustrations, but they are amusing, and will prove themselves to be exactly the kind of thing that a very small child enjoys listening to. 'Katoufs,' in fact, is a delightful little book, and should give great pleasure to babies in search of diversion.

## NEW FICTION

*The Madonna of the Barricades.* By J. St. Loe Strachey. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

*An Untitled Story.* By Donn Byrne. Sampson Low. 5s. net.

*The Smoking Leg.* By John Metcalfe. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. STRACHEY has altogether disarmed criticism. Turning novelist so late in his distinguished journalistic career, he has been wise enough to avoid issuing any very serious challenge on the ground that is most strictly the novelist's, but has presented his story in such a way as to secure every advantage which his general literary ability and his really profound knowledge of his period give him. What we have from him is not precisely a novel, but a portion of the autobiography of a young Englishman playing some considerable part in the troubles of the year 1848. There is a story, and it has moments of drama or melodrama, but the method is that of the autobiography, the characters being required to live not vivid, independent lives of their own, but simply as they would in the memory of the autobiographer. It thus happens that Mr. Strachey's limitations as a novelist, though perceptible, are not felt to any extent that matters, while there is every opportunity for the use of Mr. Strachey's knowledge of the historical figures and political movements of his chosen epoch. What should Matthew Arnold be doing in the novel Mr. Strachey might have written? He is admirably in place, for the moment of his appearance, in this moderately discursive autobiography of George Chertsey. And so with a dozen other personages who are allowed to come before us for a paragraph or a page. They may not be contributing to the progress of the story, but they are enabling us to understand the spirit of the age.

Make one allowance, and here is an extraordinarily just picture of England and France in 1848. Our indulgence is needed for the importance attributed to the Carbonari. But, for one thing, the limits within which that secret organization influenced events in France and the policy of the future Napoleon III have never been quite definitely settled, and, for another thing, since we are reading an autobiography, it is excuse enough that Chertsey, like many another of his generation, believed the influence of the society to be enormously extensive and in certain critical days quite decisive. For the rest, Mr. Strachey very seldom strains our credulity. On the contrary, by his careful presentation of the sober background against which the conspirators and their English agent move, and by the frequent introduction of solid historical personages, he does a great deal to give the narrative an air of authenticity. Who, for instance, can feel doubts about Carlotta when Chertsey, though he has met her before and in circumstances more conventionally romantic, is introduced to her by a character so unlikely to be duped as Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray? Things are a little more risky when all the persons on the stage are imaginary, but Mr. Strachey does not hazard that too often or for any length of time; and, for ourselves, we are persuaded. Chertsey is real, not so intensely real as he would have been in the pages of a born novelist, but as real as he would be in an autobiography; and one or two of his personal adventures apart, just so is how London society and turbulence in Paris would have struck an intelligent, rather ingenuous young Englishman. In short, with equipment in one respect inadequate and in other respects almost excessive, with but a modest amount of the novelist's special gift and with perhaps too great a knowledge of the inner history of the period, Mr. Strachey has brought it off. We beg him to continue. The 'sixties, 'seventies, 'eighties await treatment with the same mixture of daring and prudence, and the number of promising beginners of three score is too small for Mr. Strachey to be excused.

Mr. Donn Byrne's book might be made the text for a discourse on what distinguishes literature from magazine fiction. His subject, baldly stated, is the sort of subject very dear to our worst writers. For his book is about a man who hastily, and with every ready-made romantic accessory, wooed and wedded a girl who had taken conventual vows, and of the tragedy that followed. Also, the scene is Ireland, and poetry, of a sort, saturates the scene. But Mr. Byrne, though he does not wholly resist the temptation of the subject and the scene, is a rather surprising writer. For one thing, he can distinguish, as a rule, between the beautiful and the pretty; for another, he has a little cynicism in reserve, and believes that it is not the woman but the man who pays; for a third, he can give to a story something of the prestige of a legend, of a narrative that we ought to believe because it has been believed by the whole countryside. Further, though his method causes slight awkwardness at one point, he has cunning in attack. To begin with old Mr. Moore, who was in fact the bearer of another name, soaking in Dublin bars, and to end with him there, and to put the rather too obviously romantic story between those chapters was sound. It makes, that beginning, no little difference to the mood in which the reader takes the somewhat sugary chapters of the wooing and elopement. There is good judgment also in the refusal to suggest either reform in the old man or decline to sheer degradation. Altogether, though Mr. Byrne occasionally gets too near the cheaper kind of poetry, his story is proof that the man of letters need not always be afraid of material which seems, at first sight, destined for the use of the purveyors of sentimental fiction.

Mr. Metcalfe is at present rather too anxious to create a sensation. We are not squeamish about horrors, so that they have some significance. But there is no fine art in which cruelty is cultivated for its own sake. The cruelty in Baudelaire, for capital instance, is a kind of inverted compassion. All that is foul in his world is there because the artist is an exasperated idealist. And even if one looks at very much lesser men, at, for example, Petrus Borel, one sees, at least intermittently, a kind of tribute to sanity in the madman gashing himself and the long-suffering reader with such angry persistence. Some of Mr. Metcalfe's horrors imply nothing. In certain pages he gives us a start, a shudder, and to do that requires some power, but leaves us not much more illuminated than if we had come suddenly in the street on a mangled corpse. That he will outgrow this desire to astonish and terrify, for the mere pleasure of seeing his readers turn pale and avert their gaze, is highly probable. The question is, what will be left to him when he abandons an essentially youthful ambition? We believe, a great deal. For Mr. Metcalfe has invention, at times a peculiar energy in narrative as of a man who must get his story told at the utmost speed before some nameless catastrophe supervenes, a sense of style. And even in this first book there are successes of the finer kind. 'The Picnic' is an almost perfectly told anecdote of a double seduction in an atmosphere charged with menace. 'Convalescent,' except for an excess of reticence at one moment in the telling, is an admirable tale of the fatal revival of a man's past. 'The Tunnel,' in which a man, driven mad by release from prison at the moment when he was about to escape after years of digging, repeats his mining, makes its point with great vigour. Mr. Metcalfe, in truth, is a writer with a future, on condition that he does not force himself. We should suppose him to be unlikely to benefit by prolonged and exclusive exercise in the production of short stories, which might encourage him to trade on his talent for immediate, startling effect. It is, therefore, interesting to learn from his publishers that his next work will be, not a volume of short stories, but a novel. The discipline of having to deal with the normal, for in a novel the characters can scarcely all be singular, ought to be salutary.



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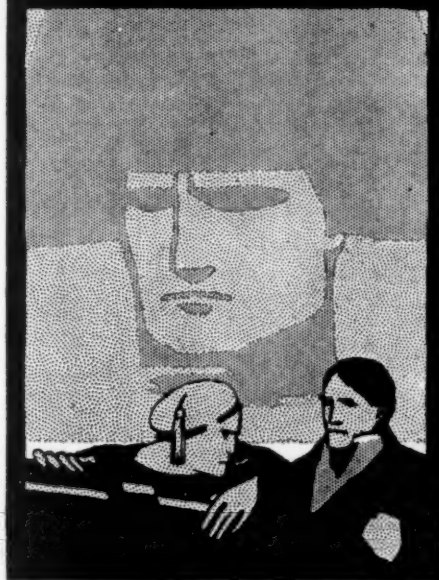
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M	oonbea	M	
gO		At	'See Emerson's poem 'Tact.'
N	igh	Tmare	What boots it, thy virtue,
T	ac	Ti	What profit thy parts,
C	andl	E	If one thing thou lackest,—
E	xecuto	R	The art of all arts?
R	oguis	H	The only credentials,
V		Oice	Passport to success;
I	cho	R	Opens castle and parlour,—
N	ight-season	N	Address, man, address.

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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday.*

**M**ARKETS continue to teem with interest, and I find it increasingly difficult to compress into the small space at my disposal all the points to which I desire to draw attention. I would first like to point out that Nitrate Rails, recommended here at £11 on September 19, have this week touched 13½. To go further back, on May 9 I suggested a purchase of Maynard's ordinary at 6½; this week they are 8½. As regards my various rubber recommendations during the past six months, these all naturally show immense profits, and our tin shares have not lagged behind. I propose to depart from my usual custom of devoting these notes to giving details of a few selected companies, and this week will cover more ground.

## INDUSTRIALS

I repeat my previous recommendations as to Bradford Dyers. I again draw attention to Imps as a coming feature. Extremely good reports of Bleachers reach me. Novocrete is also attractive, and I look for activity in the Wireless group, particularly Canadian Marconis.

## HOME RAILS

The fall in Home Rails has been overdone, and I expect, if not a pronounced recovery, at least a cessation of the falling tendency. This opinion is based on the assumption that the future decrease in dividends has already been discounted.

## OILS

Shells are a good investment; sooner or later the pendulum will swing towards the market, when prices will recover sharply. I still incline very favourably towards Anglo-Ecuadorian, and of the lower-priced speculative shares I suggest Omniums.

## RUBBERS

Good Rubber Shares should be held; the price of the commodity points to greatly increased dividends for the next eighteen months, during which period I foresee no great fall. I am exceptionally impressed with Rubber Trust, with which I deal below, and I recommend them at the present price most strongly. Those who like low-priced shares can invest in the 3s. shares of the Industrial Tea and Rubber Trust, Limited, which can be bought at 3s. 4½d., a very promising concern.

## TEA &amp; NITRATES

Tea Shares are likely to revive, owing to the decided improvement in the Tea Sales in Mincing Lane. Here I choose Jokai. I still favour Nitrates, particularly Lautaros, and view with interest the increasing sales as reported by the Association, which is what I anticipated.

## BASE METALS

Activity should be maintained in Base Metal Shares; Friscos, Zinc and Burma Corporation are particularly attractive. I think the Rhodesian Base Metal Companies will come in for renewed activity, particularly Rhodesia Minerals, which may be specially recommended at the present price of 22s. 6d. Holders of Rhodesia Asbestos will hear next week that they are to receive a bonus.

## BOLIVIAN TIN

An issue of outstanding interest in the tin mining world is to be made shortly. The Bolivian and General Tin Trust, Limited, are to invite subscriptions for 500,000 £1 ordinary shares. The Trust is being formed to acquire certain tin mining interests in Bolivia. In view of the first-class auspices under which the issue is being made, and the exceptionally strong

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directorates, the issue will probably be largely over-subscribed.

#### RUBBER TRUST

In view of the present activity in the Rubber Market, the position of Rubber Trust—or, to give the company its full title, Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, Limited—appears of outstanding interest. The company's financial year ends on December 31; figures to December 31, 1924, showed share assets and properties valued at £2,159,810. Shareholders were informed that fifty per cent. of the total was in Rubber, thirty-eight per cent. in Tea, and twelve per cent. Miscellaneous. The dividend for 1924 was 10%. Since the date of the balance-sheet values in the rubber market have kept up, and it is difficult to gauge the present value of the £1,000,000 the company has in rubber. The present price of the shares is 52s.; and in view not merely of the greatly increased value of the assets, but also of their earning capacity, as expressed in the dividends paid and to be paid, these Rubber Trust shares appear an exceptionally attractive purchase at the present price.

#### BROOME SELANGOR RUBBER

My attention is drawn to the £1 shares of Broome (Selangor) Rubber. The output for the year ending June 30, 1926, is estimated at 500,000 lbs. The cost of production is 9d. a lb. Taking the average selling price at 2s., this would show a profit of £31,250; the issued capital of the Company is £131,412, which would enable a dividend of 4s. 9d. a share to be paid. Again, taking the average selling price at 2s. 6d. per lb., the profit would be £43,750, which would enable a dividend of 6s. 6d. a share to be paid. The present price of the shares is 35s., and as I consider these shares an attractive purchase up to 45s., I certainly feel justified in recommending them, as a permanent rubber investment.

#### THE FREDERICK HOTELS

The report of the Frederick Hotels for the year ended January 30, 1925, discloses an extremely satisfactory position. The balance to the credit of the profit and loss account, including the balance of £45,143 brought forward, was £145,791. This figure is arrived at after allowing £55,168 for repairs and renewals. Ordinary shareholders receive a final dividend of 9½d., making 1s. 1½d. for the year. £9,000 is placed to reserve, and £45,179 is carried forward. The reserve fund now totals £116,000. In view of the fact that the amount earmarked for repairs and renewals above referred to is obviously an exceptional charge, these figures are extremely satisfactory. The issued capital of the Company is £706,250, divided into 50,000 5½% preference of £10 each, and £550,000 ordinary of 7s. 6d. each.

There are £750,000 4% debentures outstanding, the figures having been reduced from £900,000 during the year. The Company owns the Hotel Great Central and The Russell in London, The Majestic at Harrogate, The Sackville at Bexhill, The Royal Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone, The Lord Warden at Dover, The Metropole at Whitby. All these hotels are 'viciously doing well. The ordinary shares stand at 13 6d., and I consider them extremely attractive.

#### PETTIGREW & MERRIMAN (1925)

I understand that a prospectus will be issued in the near future, inviting applications for 125,000 £1 7½% cumulative preference shares in Pettigrew & Merriman (1925). The Company is being formed with the object of acquiring certain businesses interested in the manufacture of wireless appliances as going concerns. These preference shares appear well secured, and the fact that all the 435,000 ordinary shares have been taken by the directors and their friends is significant.

TAURUS

## WINTER SPORTS

By C. DOMVILLE-FIFE

IT has become fashionable to think that Switzerland is the only convenient centre for winter sports. This is not the case, however, for France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Italy and the Pyrenees all possess centres at which snow and ice revels are regular winter features. It is true that the French and Swiss Alps have the advantage of being easily accessible, but against this must be set the heavier snow-fall and greater certainty of continuous frost enjoyed by the more northern countries. Those people who desire to have the warm Mediterranean littoral, and the resorts of Spain within easy reach for a spring sojourn, naturally favour the Pyrenees.

Switzerland certainly enjoys the greatest popularity for winter sports; but even in this comparatively small area there are some striking contrasts. Principal among these is the division into what may be termed cosmopolitan resorts and English resorts. St. Moritz, the famous centre in the Engadine Valley, comes within the first category, and its principal social characteristic is brilliant international society; it possesses facilities for every form of winter sport and has in addition many private skating rinks and toboggan runs which can be used only by residents in certain hotels or members of certain clubs. One of these is the world-famous Cresta Run and another is the St. Moritz bobsleigh course. Visitors who are not members of the clubs controlling these runs can at certain times obtain the right to use them upon payment of a small fee. A speciality of St. Moritz is horse racing on the frozen lake, which is the principal playground of this centre. From December to January English visitors either predominate or are at least equal in numbers to those of other nationalities, but during the latter part of January and early February there has been, during recent years, a Teutonic invasion of the Engadine.

The neighbouring resort of Pontresina is mainly English and Dutch, especially during what is known as the "English season." Like all other centres it has excellent facilities for skating, tobogganing, curling, ski-kjöring and ski-ing. Perhaps, however, its position, with three mountain railways available, lends itself more particularly to ski-ing in the Bernina Range. It is, of course, obvious that sleigh driving can only be enjoyed in and around these places which are situated in a valley. Places like Mürren, Wengen and Caux, being perched on lofty mountain plateaux, have not the

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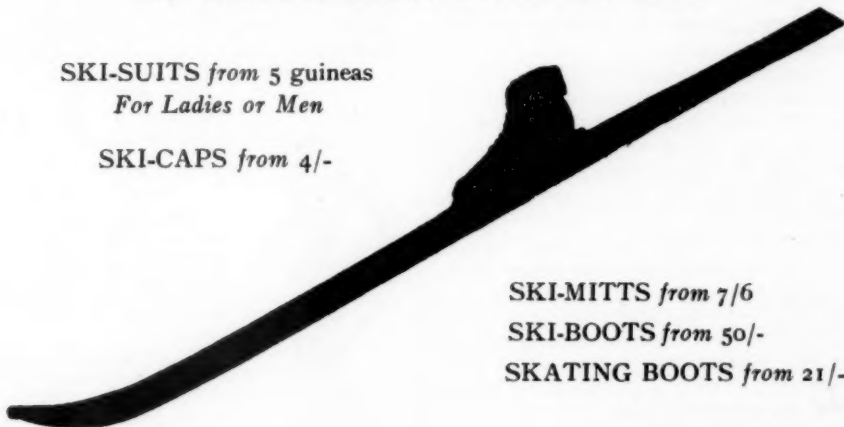
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necessary open country for this form of amusement, and the same consideration applies to ski-kjøring. For these reasons St. Moritz, Pontresina and the smaller resorts of the Engadine and neighbouring valleys—such as Samaden, Celerina, Sils Maria, Silvaplana and Maloja—are usually gay with sleigh parties; as walking centres they are excellent because of the open nature of the country around and the beauty of its snow-laden pine forests.

Another important centre much favoured by English visitors is Arosa. Although geographically it is situated in the Canton of the Grisons it is not in the Engadine. It stands at an altitude of 6,043 feet, and is surrounded by Alpine scenery with wonderful snow slopes. Although Arosa's speciality is, undoubtedly, ski-ing, because of the variety of both long and short expeditions for which it forms an ideal centre, the skating at this place is also good. There are rinks covering a large area. On the lake a considerable space is cleared of snow and maintained in excellent condition for ice-hockey and curling. The bobsleigh run, in virtue of Arosa's great height, is usually open for the entire season.

Passing from the cosmopolitan centres of the Engadine and the Grisons to the almost exclusively English resorts of the Bernese Oberland, there can be little doubt that Wengen and Mürren are the favourites. Both of these places are situated on lofty plateaux above the Lauterbrunnen Valley. Although 4,500 feet over sea level and facing such giants as the Jungfrau, the Monch, Eiger and Silberhorn, with their immense glaciers, there can be no doubt that Wengen's speciality is sunshine combined with excellent snow conditions. A winter morning in this Alpine village is a delight which has to be experienced to be realized. The sky is of the deepest blue, in striking contrast to the huddle of white peaks around. Nowhere in the whole Alpine region are the conditions for ski-ing and lugeing more favourable. The Wengernalp and Jungfrau railways, which carry the sportsman to any altitude short of 12,000 feet, are the "open sesame" to miles of snow-fields. The luge run, from the top of the Scheidegg into the valley, is nearly five miles in length, and the certainty of ice and snow within easy radius is evidenced by the fact that ski-ing can be enjoyed during the height of summer on the upper slopes of the Jungfrau. The altitude of Mürren is several hundred feet greater than that of Wengen, but it is divided from the more lofty peaks around by deep valleys. Nevertheless, as a ski-ing centre it surpasses all except the most favoured resorts and possesses facilities for skating, lugeing and bobsleighing which are excellent. In neither of these resorts is it possible to indulge in the more restful sleigh driving because of the circumscribed area of the level land around. Mürren is the fashionable centre of the Bernese Oberland and Wengen is the sportsman's paradise.

No description of this portion of Switzerland would be complete without mention of Grindelwald. Situated in a deep valley, but nevertheless 3,500 feet above sea-level, it is a picturesque village which looms large in Alpine story and song. Its quaint main street is usually gay with plumed horses drawing bright-painted sleighs with jingling bells.

The finest resort of French Switzerland is undoubtedly Villars, which stands above the Rhone Valley at an altitude of just over 4,250 feet. The plateau on which this little village and its hotels have been built is open and sunny. The view on every side is magnificent. Looking out beyond the valley, which half-surrounds the plateau, there is a succession of jagged peaks silhouetted sharply against the sky. It is as a skating centre that Villars excels, although its bobsleigh run is an exceptionally good one, and skiers have the advantage of the mountain railway up the Chamossaire (7,100 feet), where there are slopes which will satisfy the most expert runner.

Passing from Switzerland to Norway—the home of ski-ing—we find that the winter sport season is a very long one, extending from early December to late May. The principal centres are Finse (4,000 feet), Geilo (2,870 feet), Lillehammer (1,000 feet), and Tinsaaen (2,050 feet). All of these places are situated on the Bergen-Christianity Railway, and are within thirty-five or forty-five hours of London. Finse, which is only five and a half hours by train from Bergen, seldom has less than six feet of snow, and makes a speciality of ski-sailing and ski-kjøring with reindeer. Geilo, which is reached in seven hours from Bergen, has equally good snow conditions, and includes tobogganing among its sports. The remaining centres are close to Christianity, and specialize in ski-ing, ski-jumping, skating, and tobogganing. A necessity for good winter sports is a plentiful supply of snow and ice, and in this respect Norway is, as a rule, more fortunate than Switzerland; but it lacks the warm sunshine of the Alpine summits, and its resorts, at present, do not offer the same gay evening life which is such a feature at all Swiss centres. In regard to cost, however, the Norwegian centres are certainly less expensive than the more fashionable places in the High Alps.

In France there are quite a number of winter sport centres. The most popular is undoubtedly Chammonix (3,400 feet), situated close to the Mont Blanc Range, but Mégeve (3,175 feet), in Haute Savoie, and Mont Revard (5,000 feet), above the summer spa of Aix-les-Bains, have received fuller recognition during recent years. In the Pyrenees there are Font Romeu (5,900 feet) and Cauterets (3,360 feet); while in the Vosges Mountains the chief centre is Gerardner (2,100 feet). All of these places have ski-fields, rinks and bobsleigh runs. Austria, Denmark, and Sweden have numerous centres, but they are more national than cosmopolitan.



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Åre is perfectly equipped technically and will favourably bear comparison with any winter sports resort in the world. At the same time it offers the advantage of a ski-ing country without equal on the Continent. Besides ski-running in every conceivable type of terrain, bob-sleighbing, luge-ing, skating, curling, sledging and ski-ing behind reindeer are all to be enjoyed at Åre. Storlien on the other hand, is devoted entirely to ski-running, and is the point of departure for many interesting mountain trips, some of them taking two or three days, the nights being spent in the comfortable huts provided along the route.

It is from the beginning of February to the end of March that Jämtland is the ski-runners' paradise. The principal winter sports centres in the historic dales of the beautiful province of Dalecarlia are situated on the shores of lake Siljan at Rättvik, Leksand and Mora. Besides splendid ski-ing country of a comparatively easy character, there are opportunities for skating, tobogganing, curling and searchlight sledge-parties, amid perfectly enchanting scenery.

Splendid opportunities for ski-ing, ice-yachting, skating and bob-sleighbing are to be found both in the heart of the city of Stockholm and its suburbs, especially at Saltsjöbaden and Djursholm. The miles of lakes and Fjords here offer wonderful opportunities for skating, skate-sailing, ice-yachting and curling, and there are thrilling bob-sleigh runs and ski-jumps.

### THE NORTHERN GAMES.

This season visitors to Sweden for the winter sports will be able to enjoy and, if they wish, participate in that great meeting of winter sports enthusiasts and experts known as the Northern Games, which will be held in Stockholm in February, 1926.

To these games come the foremost exponents of winter sports from all the Northern countries. The Ski-ing events including cross-country ski-ing races 30 and 60 kilometres for men and 10 kilometres for women, ski-jumping, hill-running, relay races, and that remarkable test of endurance the 200 kilometre cross-country ski-race. There are also skating, skate-sail and ice-yacht races, sledge, luge and bob-sleigh races, and trotting horse-racing, curling, bandy and ice-hockey matches.

Sweden is easily reached from London, the journey by boat or overland taking about 40 hours, or 8 hours by air from Amsterdam (in connection with channel steamer). The hotel accommodation is first class throughout and English is spoken everywhere.

Full particulars and illustrated handbooks may be obtained on application to THE SWEDISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 21 Coventry Street, London, W.1. (corner of Haymarket) or from any office of THOS. COOK & SON.

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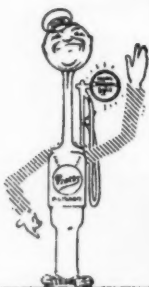
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**A**LL motorists who have had time and opportunity to visit Olympia during the past ten days must have been almost bewildered by the variety of cars offered to them at all prices; the car-owner is probably equally puzzled in deciding exactly what is the ideal equipment to carry about with him. Strange to say, the more accessories that are fitted as part of the standard equipment of motor vehicles by the makers, the greater is the sale of additional gadgets by the owners of petrol-filling stations, garages, and dealers in such accessories. The small business houses are realizing that when customers call to refill the tanks of their cars with spirit, and the crankcases with oil, an opportunity occurs to tempt them to add to their collection of accessories. Thus, when the tank or sump, or maybe both, have been attended to, the salesman ventures to produce a new petrol filter or pourer and asks the car-owner if he has seen it, not waiting for a reply, but dilating on its peculiar merits. Or perhaps the car has no wind-screen wiper, or the front screen appears wet, and the salesman takes the opportunity to remark that "it is very uncomfortable driving to-day, sir," and starts asking why the wind-screen wiper does not work, or saying that he can fit one in a quarter of an hour, and making other remarks befitting the situation. In truth, an owner of a car hardly dares to drive up to one of the depôts for replenishment with the hood up and the screen open, so that he can see through the rain, for fear of falling a victim to the blandishments of the accessory seller.

\* \* \*

Even if one has the tyres pumped up, the alert salesman, after completing the operation by means of his "free" air line, remarks on the low pressure tyres or high ones, as the case may be, pointing out the need continually to test the pressure inside the tubes, in order to get the best and longest service from the covers. Then he produces a small tyre pressure gauge and asks his customer whether he ever tests the tyres. Few motorists do test the pressure of their tyres, so that after having had explained to him how easily and certainly this accessory works, he probably adds it to the equipment of the car. Further discussion of tyres brings forth the inadequate and laborious type of air pump provided by the makers of the car, and included in its original outfit. So another chance is given to the merchant to sell the motorist a labour-saving and easily-worked tyre pump. One could, of course, continue these examples of salesmanship *ad infinitum*; rear screens, bumpers, fog lamps, spotlights, petrol filters, radiator cosies, inspection lamps, anti-dazzle devices, spare electric bulbs and cases to contain them, cigarette lighters, garage heaters, or those that can be placed under the bonnet of the car in cold weather to prevent frost attacking the water of the radiator, cleaning materials, shock absorbers, bulb wind-horns, electric-operated horns, and even ash trays to fit on the dashboard, offer countless chances to persuade the motor-car owner that he needs more accessories.

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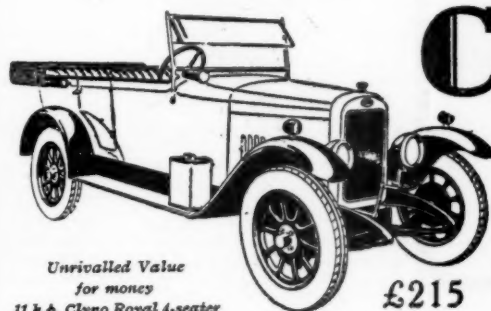
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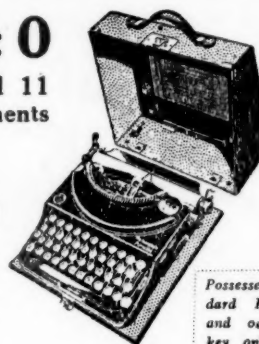
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# Books

BOOKS.—Alken's Coloured Prints, "Cockfighting," 4 for £15, 1841; Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions, by Frank Harris, 2 vols., 1918, £2 2s.; Rousseau's Confessions, illus., with Etchings, privately printed, 2 vols., 24s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, illus., 17 vols., Best Edition, £15; Dumas' Celebrated Crimes, 8 vols., £2 2s.; Jowett's Plato, 5 vols., 1875, £6 6s.; London Tradesmen's Cards of the 18th Century, by Ambrose Heal, 1925, £2 2s.; The Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley, 1925, £2 2s.; The Masculine Cross and Ancient Sex Worship, 8s.; Henry Fielding's Works, best Edit., with Intro. by Gosse, 12 vols., £6 6s., 1898; Smollett's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 6 vols., 1902, £4 4s.; Les Aventures du Chevalier De Faublas, best large type edit., 2 vols., illus., Paris, 1842, £3 3s.; The Novellino of Masuccio, trans. by Waters, illus., 2 vols., 1895, rare, £6 6s.; Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, 1892, 15s.; The Graphic, 36 vols., £12; Sporting Magazine from 1826, with many rare plates, 27 vols., bound in 22, £10 10s.; Hannay Sex Symbolism in Religion, with an Appreciation by Sir George Birdwood, 2 vols., 25s.; J. M. Barrie's Works, "Kirriemuir" Edit., 10 vols., scarce, £7 7s.; Scott's novels, fine set, "Dryburgh Edition," 25 vols., £3 3s.; Thackeray's Works, nice set, 12 vols., £3; R. L. Stevenson's Works, "Vailima" Edit., 26 vols., £38. Send also for Catalogue. 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham. BOOKS WANTED: Crawley's Mystic Rose; Housman, A Shropshire Lad, 1896; Beerbohm, Happy Hypocrite, paper covers, 1897; Yet Again. 1st Edit., 1909; Caricatures of 25 Gentlemen, 1896; Boydell's History River Thames, 2 vols., 1794, Erewon, 1872; Erewon Revised, 1901; Way of All Flesh, 1903.

## Company Meeting

### BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY

The ordinary general meeting of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Ltd., was held on the 13th inst. at Winchester House, E.C.

Viscount St. Davids, the chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: The period under review compared with a record year; in the past year the cereal crop was less favourable, weather conditions were not good, locusts did a great deal of damage, and altogether the crop came out much below a normal one, and because the grain crop was not as good as usual the wine sales were also affected. When there was a poor grain crop the farmers were not so well off and could not buy so much wine. Also there were not so many harvesters employed. With regard to what their revenue came from, to begin with, they got 25½ per cent. from wine and empty casks, passengers gave 17½ per cent., cereals and empty boxes 12½ per cent., general merchandise 9½ per cent., livestock 7 per cent., parcels and excess luggage 6½ per cent., foodstuffs 4 per cent., fresh fruit 2½ per cent., firewood 1½ per cent., timber 1½ per cent., hay 1½ per cent., potatoes 1½ per cent., flour and mill by-products 1½ per cent., charcoal 1 per cent., hides and hair 1 per cent., machinery ½ per cent., and lime ½ per cent.; that made up 85½ per cent., and the rest was in small miscellaneous items. They were coming very near to the desirable day when they would not be a cron line only. (Hear, hear.) Their passenger traffic was increasing on the local section because Buenos Aires was growing out their way rapidly. There was also an increase in international passengers. As to the prospects of the present year, there was a slightly increased area under cultivation in their districts and crop prospects were satisfactory. If there were anything like an average crop he thought they should have as good a result in the present year as in the past twelve months, and as regarded the dividend, at any rate, he would be bitterly disappointed if they should have to go back. He ventured to think that such a contingency was not very likely. To sum up, he would say that the stockholders of this railway possessed a very great property—a property which was capable of immense development. The report and accounts were adopted.

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## NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1925

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

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By JOHN POLLOCK and F. DE MARWICZ

##### Sanity in Education

By the RT. HON. SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P.

##### Cæsar and Catullus

By HUGH MACNAGHTEN (Vice-Provost of Eton)

##### A Lawn Tennis Tour across the Atlantic

By Miss K. McKANE

##### Pets

By Miss FRANCES PITT

##### Lest We Forget—The Tragedy of the Dardanelles

By FLAG OFFICER

#### A Socialist Experiment

By FRANK HIRD, O.B.E.

#### Light and Cancer

By Mrs. KINROSS

#### The Bi-Centenary of a Great Englishman

By BRIG.-GEN. R. G. BURTON

#### The Government Grant and its Effect on the Health of the Elementary School Child

By the COUNTESS OF SELBORNE

#### The Suicide of Mr. Bliss

By the HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR

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The Road to Ruin

Sir George Hunter's letter to the Prime Minister

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